

THE
Generous Enemies
OR THE
Ridiculous Lovers.

A C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL
by His MAJESTIES Servants.

By John Coote, Gent.

Licensed, Aug. 30. 1671. ROGER L'ESRANGE.

L O N D O N.

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THE PROLOGUE.

I Cannot choose but laugh, when I look back and see
The strange Vicissitudes of Poetrie.

Our Aged Fathers came to Plays for Wit,
And sat Knee-deep in Nut-shells in the Pit.

Course Hangings then instead of Scenes were worn,
And Kidderminster did the Stage Adorn.

But you, their wiser Off-spring, do advance
To Plot of Gigg; and to Dramatique Dance:

But when the Reign of Gigg and Dance is past,
Whither the Devil will you go at last?
What yet unheard-of Way can Poets try,
To please these Modern Criticks of the eye:

There's one Way left, as when ill Husbands Range,
They come at last to their own Wives for change;
So you your Surfeits of old Wit now past,
May come to taste it with new Gust at last.

And having through all usurpations run,
May fix upon the King, where you begun.

THE EPILOGUE.

ALL their Beginning known, but none their End,
And with that Fate we on your Votes depend.
Though there I see — Propositions Angels sit, [points at the Boxes
Still there's a Nest of Devils in the Pit,
By whom our Plays, like Children just alive,
Inch'd by the Fairies, never after thrive:
'Tis but your Half-crown, Sirs: that won't undo;
Besides, let others lose it as well as you.
Birds caught in Lime, or fool'd into a Gyn,
By chirping on still draw Companions in:
Ginneys depart at Shutland for a Meal
Of ill Pottage, and rotten Roasted Teal.
From thence you came inflam'd into the Pit,
And nothing pleases your Burgundy Wis;
Censure is grown, not Judgment now, but fashion;
And your ill Nature spoils your Recreation.
So doth an Entertainer marr his Feast,
With one o're-critical and peevish Guest.
As Woman let me wish the Men prevail,
And with the Ladies as I look like Male.
'Tis worth your Money that such Legs appear;
These are not to be seen so cheap elsewhere:
In short commend this Play, or by this light,
We will not sup with one of you to night.

A C O M E D Y.

The Scene S I V I L.

Signior Robatz	Father to Alleria	Mr. Wintersall;
Signior Cassidoro	<i>A young Gentleman</i> in love with Jaccinta, but belov'd by Alleria.	Mr. Lyddall.
Don Alvarez	In love with Alleria	Major Mohune,
Signior Flaminio	In love with Jaccinta	Mr. Keniston.
Don Bertran	An humorous old man	Mr. Carthrights
Sanco	His Man	Mr. Bell.
Pedro	His Groom	Mr. Shurley.
Addibar	Signior Flaminio's Man	Mr. Rich. Hart.
Jaccinta	Sister to Alvarez	Mrs. Marshall.
Alleria		Mrs. James.
Lysander	Semenia in disguise, Sister to Flaminio.	Mrs. Bowtell.
Sophia	Mother to Flaminio and Semenia.	Mrs. Pratt.
Julia	Waiting-woman to Alleria	Mrs. Cory.
Livia	Waiting-woman to Jaccinta	Mrs. Susanna Up- hill.

Servants and Musick.

THE

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Generous Enemies
 OR THE
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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Signior Robatzzy with four or five Servants running confusedly with Buckets.

1. Ser.  Ire, fire, fire.

Rob. See, see, see. Run, run, run. Down With that Chimney there.

2. Ser. More help, more help there.

3. Ser. Quick, quick, O Misfortune.

Rob. More water in that corner.

4. Ser. More Buckets.

Rob. Some of you ring out the bell.

1. Ser. Fear not, we shall soon overcome it.

Rob. Which way is the wind?

1. Ser. Without danger, Sir.

2. Ser. Good Sir, withdraw your self from this drudgery.
Here's hands enough, and we shall soon Master it.

Rob. Let's to the other side, and see what danger's there.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene changes to the Garden: then Enter Alvaro with Aleria in his Armes, she in a Swoon.

Alva. Thanks to the sacred Guardian of the Saints,

B

For

(2)

For this most timely Refuge I have preserv'd
Her from the Flames : has made a thousand in
My soul ; my fires find eternal nourishment,
And burn without consuming ; all others cease
When the Materials fail that feed their fury ;
But yet my soul yields to a sad despair ; [Bows to her and
She appears to me, like fallen fruit, disrob'd views her.
Of all its lustre, her charmes have lost
Their graces, and death seems to triumph in
The Seats of Beauty, yet — [Views her again.
Sure it cannot be, her habit is not in the least
Defac'd, the fright has only put her in a
Swoon, I will go seek her Servants, who may
Give her help.

Exit.

Enter at another door Cassidore.

Cass. All corners of the house I've search'd, yet cannot
Gain discovery where she is, my fears foretel

My griefs, she is devour'd in that impartial
Element ; Just Heaven, is it possible you should

Submit so fair a creature, to so foul

A destiny ? O my soul, do I not see the

Figure of her there. [Sees her at a Distance.

My faith deludes my hopes, it is not she,

'Tis but her shadow, how can that lamp still

Live, when life (the Oyl that fed it) is

Dry'd up : the merciless enemy hath made

A prey upon more worth then the Sun

(In its Meridian glory) ever fill'd his eye with,

Ten thousand curses on those envious flakes,

Proud only with the ruine of all that makes

Men happy : Alleria — She is out of hearing,

What a prodigious mischief fills this houre.

All. How have I slept like cork upon the water [She revives

And had no feeling of the storm that toss'd me, and Gazes about.

Where am I, who was it call'd ?

Cass. Ev'n he, Madam, to whom your Misfortune
Is, a death.

All. How came I here, or you ?

Cass.

Cass. I was assiduous only in your safety, Madam.

Alle. It is to you then whom I am thus indebted; [She re-
Was it your vigilance preserv'd me? ah *Cassidore*, *seth*.
This Image of your love transcends all Presidents,
It is a favour overwhelms my gratitude.

Cass. O beneficial error.

Alle. Who but a man truly possest with love,
Could have undertaken so perillous a hazard;
Since I am so nobly oblig'd, I will ever own
It with the highest admiration.

[aside.]

Cass. Since she is thus happily deceiv'd, I'll take
The advantage of it, an Amourers Lie hath
No great horrour in it.
Your generous Acknowledgment are too obliging
Madam? and puts a Die of bashfulness upon
Your servant.

[aside.]

Alle. If such favour, Sir, should pass forgotten, Honour
Would grow idle, and thankful Nature be beguil'd
Of her Employment.

Cass. He that serves you does but his duty at
The best.

Alle. You wrong your Generosity to say so, such
An act as this could never be the effect
Of common passion.

Enter Julia.

Jul. O what a blessing is it, Madam, that you are
Safe preserv'd.

Alle. See'st thou that man, that good man, all
Other men to him should kneel and wonder,
I impute my safety, only to his care, for he
No sooner saw the danger I was in, but with
A Passion, vehement as his griefs, ran through
The flames into my Chamber, where he found
Me overwhelmed with horrour, and thence in
Safety brought me to this place; was
It not so *Cassidore*?

Jul. I am astonish'd.

[He bows.]

Alle. And yet so much Modesty accompanies his

Worth, the praises due to this Action are,
As painful to his ear, as they are pleasant
To my Tongue.

Cas. To a man possest with love, always to shew it. [*He bess* Are of pleasure.

Alle. Good Sir, let me prevail with you, to adde unto
Mine, my fathers preservation, who, I fear,
May be indanger'd by this accident.

Cas. Madam, I flie with joy to all commands of yours. [*Exit.*

Ful. Your father, Madam, and all the houſhould are in
Safety, the flames are all extinguish'd, and
Without much prejudice, the fright was greater
Then the damage, Madam: it hapned well, we had
The Morning to our assistance.

Enter Alvaro and Lysander.

Alva. She lives, ſhe lives, the angry Heavens at
Length have heard my prayers.

Alle. Yes, I do live, *Alvarez*, but do you know by
Whose means it is I am ſo happy:

Alva. It is from me, Madam, (only) you muſt learn the
Knowledge of your deliverance.

Alle. How! your news ſurprizes me.

Alva. It may well, Madam, when you have heard it,
For no ſooner was the horrid cry of fire, moſt
Dismally proclaim'd through the ſtreets, but
With a winged diligence from my bed I roſe,
And haſhtned to your refuge: I ran through the
Invading flames: that (like a Conquerour) had
Sack'd your house, and thrown disorder round
About the place.

Alle. She having found me ſleeping in my bed,
And Ruine in all her terrors round me:
You through these many dangers,
That you ſpeak of (with an unequal care)
Conveigh'd me to this place.

Alva. Nothing mor true, Madam.

Alle. Nothing more falſe;
By Innocence, I ſwear, I do not know thy Equall.

Alva

Alva. What's this?

Ful. Why, Madam it was he sent me hither
To your assistance.

Alle. Go, go, your confidence disturbs me.

Alva. Is this the Gratitude due to my fidelity?

Alle. Away treacherous man.

Alva. By all the Oaths made in fear of Heaven, all that
I have told you is a truth.

Alle. Ah direful perjury.

Alva. Have I watch'd all moments to express respect,
And can it win no better estimation!

Alle. Go thou Impostor, blush at thy deceit,
Thou sinn'st against thy knowledge, and seek'st
A Recompence for what thou never did'st.

Alva. Ah Madam, where have you learn't the example
Of such cruelty.

Alle. All your dissemblings shall never
Bribe me to a better thought, then what
My opinion doth already harbour.

[Exit. Alleria.]

Alva. All my hopes mow'd down in their flower.

Lys. O happy moment, this descension is above my hopes:
[aside.]

Alva. His't, his't, a word with you, *Julia!* [to Jul. going out.]

Ful. I dare not stay.

Alva. Nay prithee.

[He whispers.]

Ful. How fain you would have me now betray my Mystriss

Alva. Betray her, by my life I would not have thee
Wrong thy trust so much, only tell me (if thou
Canst) who it is usurps the reward due to my service:

Ful. I dare not, Sir.

Alva. I prithee tell me, see here's a Jewel for thee.

Ful. What, sell my Ladies secrets, may I
Die a Beggar.

Alva. Come, come, be not a fool; this peevish principle
Of honesty, has ruin'd more of thy quality then any
Misfortune whatsoever.

Jul. How will my conscience answer it, Sir?

Alva. Hang Conscience, 'tis the Rogues Consumption;
[What]

What do you doubt my discretion, come
I'll warrant thee: the discovery shall never
Do thee wrong, here take it and wear it. [Gives her a Ring.

Jul. Well, Signior, if I should; 'tis but to please you:
I hope it is not counterfeit.

Alva. Counterfeit, dost think me of so base a spirit.

Jul. Nay, pray Sir, pardon my innocence, if I did suspect it.
His Name is Cassdore, a Gentleman that lives
At the corner of the street, just against us:

Alva. I know him well, he is a Servant to my Sister.

Jul. Well, well, Sir, let him be whose Servant he will,
It is as I tell you, Signior, and so farewell. [Exit Julia.

Alva. My happiness, like a weak vapour, is dispers'd
As soon as risen, could any soul but mine,
With which she plays the Tyrant (after such
Disdains) flame with the same Ardour, I
Ought to sigh: for those ill-employ'd cares I once
Had to please her, but so much does my
Patient triumph over my affliction, that
In defiance of her rigour, I must still
Worship her.

Lys. 'Twas ever the effect of Fate, to blast the
Fairest hopes: you are Possessor of a soul, too
Great, to bow to the reproaches of her pride.
There are other Beauties far surpassing hers,
Would count it happiness, to share but in
A sigh of yours.

Alva. Swarms of perplexing cares bury my
Brain: Never did Martyr suffer greater torment.

Lys. Yes, I dare tell you, Sir, of one deserves compassion
More than you.

Alv. 'Tis impossible my sufferings should have an equal.

Lys. I am sure you would confess it truth, might
but take the boldness to relate it.

Alv. Prithee do, the relation of anothers sorrows,
Sometimes helps to extenuate our own.

Lys. Now Love assist my trembling heart, I find a
Care rise up before me, how I should disguise
My story—

There

There was a young Lady, Sir, that lov'd me tenderly,
 Who scarce had numbered 15 years, ere she
 Was sought in Marriage, but he that was design'd
 To have her, not being possest with equal flames,
 Gave liberty to his heart to love another,
 Which she too well knew, yet suffer'd
 In obedience to her Parents will; and yet a
 Greater grief she underwent, for that
 Insnarer of her faith, no sooner drew
 Her soul within the compass of an Oath, never
 To marry any but himself, but then forsook her.

Alv. O barbarous infidelity.

Lys. Notwithstanding this, her afflicted heart still
 Follow'd him, and in contempt of danger, and
 The inconveniences that wait upon disguises;
 She (in a Masculine habit) pursued and over-
 Took him. And such was the strangeness
 Of her fate; She gain'd occasion by the in-
 Tercussion of those, whom her calamity had
 Made her friends to attend upon him.

Alv. Cruel injustice of our Stars,

Lys. And underwent it as a pleasing bondage:
 Performing all her services with joy; he not
 Knowing her, and she is willing still to be conceal'd.

Alv. That Love should teach us ways to wrong our selves.

Lys. A melting pity creeps into his heart: Heaven
 Make this minute happy to my wishes — [Aside,
 Now, Sir, tell me, is she not worthy of compassion?
 Sir, you do not answer me:—

Alv. Civil Alleria.—

Lys. Good gods, she is still in his mind — [Aside.
 Sir, you do not answer me to what I told you.

Alv. What hast thou spoken of?

Lys. An unfortunate Maid, Sir.

Alv. My soul was so oppres'd, I had no regard to
 What thou said'st.

Lys. And yet you seem'd to cast your pity on her.

Alv. Thou art mistaken, Boy, my thoughts were

All.

All employ'd upon my own Misfortunes.

Lys. Shall the loss then of an imperious Mystris
Be so repin'd ; if you must needs think of her,
Think of her defects ; call into your mind her
Pride, and view her cruelty with impartial eyes :
Behold her as I do, and then you needs must
Say, she is deform'd, for nothing can be
Beautiful that is unjust.

Alva. Not beautiful ; She has a face Envie it self
Cannot but call fair ; and all report of her
That is not such, must give it self the Lie :
But hold, who are those ?

Enter Flaminio and Addibar.

[Flam. gazeth on
him, then runs
to him, and em-
braces him.

Lys. I know 'em not Sir.

Fla. By my life, Alvarez,

O never came joy to mankind welcomer.

Alva. Flaminio, O my best friend, I cannot
Make my joy rich enough with all the wealth of words.

Fla. The ill store lies on my side.

Lys.---Heavens, my brother ; how came he here ?
I hope my disguise will still preserve me undiscover'd,
Besides, I have not seen him many years.

Alva. There's not a wish of kindness in thy breast,
But shall be multiply'd in mine ; but what
Unusual cause has brought thee into Spain.

Fla. My Mother (by a Letter sent to me from Rome)
Commanded my Arrival here at Sivil, with all
The haste that I could make, assuring me that
About this time I might expect her here.

Alva. But to what intent ?

Fla. I am acquainted with nothing of her purpose,
Only receiv'd Commands from her to deliver
This Letter to Don Alonzo Robatzii, an
Eminent Inhabitant in this City, and one
That had a principal correspondence with my
Father in his life-time.

Alva. I know him well, he is a near Neighbour
Of mine.

Fla.

Fla. Pardon me, Sir, I forgot to ask you
Of the welfare of your Sister.

Alv. When I left Florence, she was inclin'd to
Travel with me; and to this place I brought
Her, where she hath hitherto remain'd in
Perfect health, and it will be much
Advantage to her, to see you so.

Fla. I am sorry my occasions are of that importance
I cannot have the honour to wait upon
Her now.

Alv. Will you leave me then?

Fla. I am constrain'd.

Alv. Shall I have the favour of your company
To supper.

Fla. Sir, you may depend upon the trouble.

Alv. Safety and honour ever be companion to my friend.

Fla. I am by many obligations yours, — [Exit Flam. and
Alva with Addibar.

Lys. Is there (you Powers) under the Heavens bright eye,
Another Lover more distress'd than I?
Mirrour of sorrow, O what woman can
Shew more effects of love, to faithless man;
My Native soil forsook, my Parents too,
That thus disguis'd I might be in his view.
Once did I think his constancy to me,
Was as firm knit, as Faith to Charity;
But now I'm undeceiv'd, and plainly see,
There's no Imposture, like Credulity.

[Exit Lys.]

Enter Alleria and Julia.

Aller. I will not hear one word in his excuse;
When men perfidious in their actions grow,
What credit can we on their words bestow.

Jul. Love, Madam, is still known by the effect,
In's heart methought he gave you all respect.

All. His heart was from his tongue too much divided.

Jul. Nay rather say, your censure was misguided.
A pleasing subject may command your ear,
But what you like not, you are slow to hear,

Madam, if *Cassidore* once but name,
Your soul forthwith would fly into a Flame.

All. His Actions ever great and generous were,
Th' other a mere deluder of my ear.

Jul. 'Twas but an amorous untruth that you
With so much detestation shall pursue.

Alle. He that would rob another of reward,
Should grieve unpitied, and lament unheard.

Enter Sancho booted.

San. This must be she.

All. How now, what's here?

San. This is the Garden sure, and this the Lady,

Jul. How the fellow stares.

San. I will Approach her.

Alle. Who are you?

San. My Masters servant, Madam.

Jul. The brazen Head has spoke.

Alle. What is your busines?

San. Faith Madam, a kind of an affair between
Approbation and dislike.

Alle. What's that?

San. This will inform you better, Madam. [Gives a Letter.]

Alle. From whom or whence?

San. From a wealthy Gentleman of Sicorell,
Don Fernando Bertran.

Alle. I never heard of him before, return it,
I will receive none.

San. How, Madam, slight, I had better go hang my
Self at my own charge.

Jul. Nay, good Madam, open it, and see what it contains.

All. Well then; let his servant do it; he
Is better acquainted with his hand.

San. reads, My Child, I have 60 or 70 Duckets a year, and
Shall be forc'd to leave this to a Kinsman,

If I have no Children, but I am told,

That if I marry you, I may have

As many as I please, I can get no better.

Then, because my Mule is tyred.

Com:

Come therefore to me, with all speed o' the day, except
Possible hafte, for it is chargeable that a booy
Lying in an Inn, where at present I am; and vnto it
But be sure you veile your self, for the care
Of your honouer is of concern to me, and you
Ought not to shew your self; but when I think
It fit, I will call you, and you shall be as
neither man nor woman, as I am.

Tours, a Don Fernando Bertran

Alle. Bless me, what kind of staffe is this? Prithee, friend, what manner of man's thy Master?

San. Why, Madam, he is a Gallant of the times; And though his years are a little too plentiful upon him, yet he wears 'em with as light a heart As any man that has numbered fifty and odd.

Both. How? To bode ye, mi lord, I have seen him.

San. And yet you would hardly judge it by him. For he shall drinke, eat, swear, talk and takewell to a Tobaccho with e're a man in Sicilly. Madam, I'll tell you, He never knows woman yet, but his House-keeper, Nor Bedfellow, but a Pistoll, which he hath always charged, for the greatness of his Wealth keeps his Cares watchful.

Ful. For a little attention, Madam, this fellow is of A humour to tell us all.

Alle. Is he not mad?

San. By my troth, Madam, you would think him so Sometimes, for he is harder to please then a Mule. Is to shooe, and at the irregular expence of a penny, He shall out-rail a month together.

Ful. Mad or not mad, Madam, according to the avaritious Humour of my old Master, if he be so rich as his Servant says he is, it will be a hazard if he hold a grudge to Dislike him.

San. He sent another Letter to your father, which I have Delivered, and he is reading it within, giving me leave of Liberty in the mean time to wait on you with this.

Ful. Hey day, here's like to be fine work. Wedding agreed

Upon, and the Bridegroom unknown.
But, good Madam, let us examine this fellow
A little further.

Alle. Is he generous?

San. No faith, Madam, for though he has much wealth,
He is not the less miserable; and truly, Madam,
To speak as I ought, if your father forces him
Upon you, you'll deserve all mens compassion.

Alle. Thou art an honest open-hearted fellow,
Prithee give me thy Reason.

San. Because, Madam, such are the infinite number
Of diseases that afflict him, he is the Practice
Of all Physicians; not only his Garden, but
His very Windows are set with Physick-
Herbs, he is continually perplexed with
Fluxes, and Aches quarter in every bone of
Him; then he is as obstinate as a devil, and as
Mutinous as Tow; a most abominable Sloven,
Yet as crafty as a Fox, and as malicious as a Monkey.

Alle. Why this is monstrous.

San. And as for his knowledge, Madam, never any came
Near it, he makes a thousand secrets of nothing:
He is expressly devoted too; for he keeps abstinence
All the year at home, and all that live with him
Are as poor as Church-Rats.— [Luxury.]

Alle. I should forgive all this, if he had but wit.

San. Wit, Madam, he abounds in that; he writes Plays.

All. That's but an idle way to shew it,
His folly finds an increase in that.

San. And so good a fellow, I have seen him
Make himself sick with his own debaucherie;
That he might have the pleasure next day
Of taking Physick.

Fnl. What a faithful servant is this?

Enter Robatz with a Paper.
Your father comes; for fear of the worst, feign a Discontent.

Rob. What, in feasts, daughter?

Alle. I must be ever so, till you revoke the

Sea-

Sentence of your Will ; Alas Sir, you would wed
Me to a Grave ; a man so old that he has
Forgot his Original.

Rob. The better; thou wilt be the sooner
Possessor of his wealth.

Ful. Do not submit, Madam, Keep your self
Still in the Negative.

Alle. Besides, his servant here describes him for a fool.

Rob. No matter, the better for a husband still,
The fool is cover'd with bags.

Alle. But if the mind (Sir) be unsatisfied, wealth
Is of small importance, a fool is but the
Image of a man, and yet but ill made neither.

Rob. Come, come, dispute it not, I'll have you marry,
And rid the Summer of your Youth, from all
The Gawdy Flies lie Sunning in it, hear
But the Contract, which he hath sent me by.
His servant—read it,

San. reads : *Know all men by these Presents, that Don*

*Fernando Bartran of Seggaral, hath appear'd
Before us, and of his good will, without constraint,
Doth acknowledge to take to wife Dona Alleria,
Daughter to Don Arnaldo Robatzy, of
The City of Sivil, with all her faults, Good
Or bad, and to restore her to him again,
Whenever she shall be demanded of him,
By Nullity of Fact. In Witness whereof
We have hereunto set our Hands and Seals,
At Toledo this ninth day of Octob. 1670.*

*Gonsalvo Vego }
Domingo Sancho } Notaries.*

Alle. What would you have me think of this, can
There be greater demonstrations of his folly.

Rob. However, I am resolv'd to see him ; Friend, you
May tell your Master, I shall not part with my
Daughter upon such easie termes as he
Imagines, if he please to extend his Journey
Higher, we may talk further on't ; but Weakh

Hath

Hath no esteem with me, not joyn'd with understanding.
Come, Daughter. [Exit Rob. Alleria and Ful.

San. Well, here's a long journey taken to a short
Purpose ; but I le to him, and tell him, there
Is hopes though there be none ; at least there
May be pleasure, though no profit in the Case ;
For his follies, where're he comes, still we find,
That Mirth's most pleasant that is least design'd. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alleria and Jaccinta, Julia and Livia, as in Jaccinta's Garden.

Jac. **M**Adam, the Garden-gate let's you out the
Back-way to your own house.

All. I am well instructed in the way, Madam,
And therefore pray return.

Jac. Pray suffer a little further my attendance.

Alle. Indeed I must not, Ceremon'cs are never known
Where friendship governs.

Jac. Well, Madam, since you will have it so,
I will go no further ; Your servant, [Offers to go back.

Alle. But before I leave you, let me remind you
Of your Promise, that you will henceforth forbid
The Visits of *Cassidore*.

Jac. I have already assured you, that I have no
Esteem for him ; and that I never held his
Importunities as troublesome ; but Madam,
If you expect me just to you in this : I
Shall request you will shew some pity to
My brother, though it be feign'd, only
To prevent despair, since I have acquainted
You with his Complaints of your hard usage.

Enter Alvarez and Lysander.

Alva. O there they are, I know not what to do with them
Lys. You has best withdraw, Sir, lest your Appearance will

Interrupt those hopes your Sisters' Intercession
Makes.

Alva. Tis well counsel'd; well, stand aside, and overhear 'em:

Jac. If that his faith be conscious of a blot,
Abandon him your thoughts, and spare him not;
Or if he did to any other bow,
Or that his heart has started from its Vow;
Then curse him, Madam, curse him to my face,
And make me witness to his just disgrace.

Alle. Well, Madam, for your sake I will receive
Him better, for I am without return, Your Servant.

Jac. I was ever yours. [Offers to go.

Liv. Look, Madam, your Brother has met with her thesev-

Alva. Madam, if my Tongue did not fear to offend,
It would off'r it self a Mediator for a passion,
So much the more insuppressible for being secret.

Alle. If you knew, Signior, who this habit cover'd,
Your heart would soon repent, to have
Allow'd your tongue this liberty.

Alva. My heart, Madam, receives not its desires
From blind imagination, but dictates to my
Faith, who tis I worship; so that Judgment
Acts in me, what fancy only works in others.

Alle. Your desires move not with your Reason, can you
Think, whilst you contribute to my disturbance,
You advance your Interest.

Alva. Those Idea's that are long in settling, are as
Uneasily defac'd: had my Passion harbour'd
Any desires opposite to your vertue, then with Justice
You might have detected it as criminal.

Lys. O smooth-tongu'd Diffembler.

Afside.

Alva. Such is the nature of my love, I count
It sin to murmur; I honour even your cruelty,
And will qualify it with the name of Justice;
Your opinion of me shall be what you please,
So it may content you, I am willing to
Undergo all you would haue me suffer.

Jul. Behold, Madam, how devout he is, half so

Mich

Much said to me would ha' dissolv'd me long ago.

All. If you would merit better usage, restrain
Your Passion; and avoid my sight, be wise,
And let me live in Peace.

[*Exit Alleria.*

Ful. Now could I curse my self for being of her sex:
Lys. Thus are your second Protestations blasted
By the example of the first.

All. All my complaints are made unto a Rock.

Lys. Why do you not resist the evil then, that
Fights against you.

All. Methought her very anger look'd a little
Graceful; I'll follow her, and have the pleasure
Of her sight; what though a Tree be guarded
From my touch; there's none can hinder
Me to love the fruit.

Fortune's a blind Disposer of her own,
Too much she gives to some, to others none.

Lys. He blames the tempest, yet embraces still the Ocean.
[*Exit ambo.*

Jac. Froward Woman.

Liv. Inflexible creature:

Jac. She had better have been less rigorous.

Liv. Madam, I'll shew you a way to be reveng'd,
One kind look bestowed on *Cassidore*, in view
Of her, would make her frantick.

Jac. I Approve thy Counsel.

Liv. Perhaps, Madam, you have reason for it, for
Though he is undoubtedly handsom in her eye,
I guess he is not much otherwise in yours:
Howe're you draw the Veyl between you.

Jac. I, I despise the Trophies of anothers Conquest,
No, *Livia*, if I durst speak my mind.

Liv. What would you say, Madam.

Jac. Canst thou conceal a secret?

Liv. Yes, Madam, as long as it is one, but when
Two know it, how can it be a secret.

Jac. If those two have but one heart, ah

Livia, how very fain I would without a naming

Of it be understood.

Liv. If you are ashamed to name it, you may be
As well ashamed to ask my secrerie.

Jac. Canst thou not hit my thoughts then, my
Watchful fancie would have conceiv'd thee,
If thou hadst said but half so much to me.

Liv. Since you will have me then so bold to judge ;
Confess, Madam, has not *Flaminio*, the lovely
Stranger, a little touch'd your heart.

Jac. My heart ?

Liv. You resent it as if it were a crime.

Jac. It is a crime to count that love, that scarce
Is an esteem.

Liv. Come, come, Madam, twixt esteem and love, there's
So much sympathy, they are often taken
One for another.

Jac. The Civilities I shew him are for my brothers sake;

Liv. You'll pardon me, Madam, if I guess this, but
A counterfeit self-denial, for I observ'd
Last night (when he sup'd with you) a strange
Kind of dotage in his eyes.

Jac. Prithee tell me, what couldst thou guess, from
What he said or did ?

Liv. What care you take to know what you most
Know, your Curiosity in this gives increase
To my suspition ; Jealousie was ever the
Issue of love — [Enter Flaminio.

But, look Madam : see where he comes,
Now we'll put it to the proof.

Jac. Alas, what shall I do ?

Liv. Let us be gone, he does not see us.

Jac. No, no, I lie down under that fountain, and
Feign my self asleep.

Liv. Is it not as I told you, Madam, we women are
Weak paper-walls, the least puff blowes us
Down ; Well, nothing o'rethrows our Sex but In-
Discretion ; we might do as well else (of
A brittle people,) as any under Heaven, but

What design is this, Madam?

Jac. Withdraw, and thou shalt know anon. [*Jac.* lies down under the fountain.]

Liv. Her tender Modesty is a little Sea-sick only.
A Qualm of Honour, but there's one will cure her. [*Ex.* *Liv.*]
Fla. Robatzy being absent, I will walk here,
 Expecting his return, —ha, what Angle cloth'd
 In flesh and blood is this: O, 'tis Jaccinta: Wonder
 Of Wonders; She that keeps all waking, lies
 Sleeping here; Dear Object of my Joys
 And cares, (in whom alone all sweetnes
 Dwells) permit me a little to divulge the
 Birth and Progress of those pains you have created,
 And suffer me,
 Without offence to pay the devotions due to so
 Bright a lustre.

Jac. Flaminio:

Fla. Ha,

Jac. Ha, Rigorous Fate.

Fla. What says she?

Jac. We both love with equal flame.

Fla. O happiness unbelievable.

Jac. Excuse my blushes.

Fla. Perfections great Exchecquer.

Jac. When shall our pains end?

Fla. I have not power to contain my self, [He kneels and So smells the flower of a blooming clove, kisses her hand The more I drink, the more I thirst. twice.]

Jac. Some God protect me, who is this?

Fla. What have I done, a curse upon my rashness.

Jac. What motive could excite you (Sir) to a presumption So uncivil.

Fla. Love, Madam, extremity of love.

Jac. Love never begets rudeness,

Fla. Love in excess, acts nothing else but what is irregular And disorderly; it was my Gratitude I was About to pay.

Jac. Your Gratitude, for what?

Fla. ——What shall I say?

Madam

Madam, it was my transports led me to this place,
Had I low'd less, I should ha' bin less rude ;
But Circumspection suits not with excess of passion.

Jac. Can it be imagined you had a love for me, and
Have so little regard to my repose ; if you
Were just to your own, you would not ruine mine.

Fla. Had you still slept, my crime had been unknown ;
But if I must suffer your rebuke for what I
Could not help, let me beseech you shew
It with all the mildness an innocent Offender may deserve ;
Heaven knows it was a desigless frailtie.

Jac. He charms me so, I find a pain to be unkind. [Aside.

Fla. Those thoughts that put me upon this confidence,
Aspir'd too high to be suppress'd ; I have kept 'em
Cover'd many tedious years ; and had power
To keep them undispos'd another houre.

Jac. To credit you, were to create a supposition of
Too much easiness, in being led too suddenly
So far towards your desires. [Offers to go, and he stays her.

Fla. You keep my heart in chains, and must not
Go, till you release it.

Jac. Thus confin'd, I am your prisoner.

Fla. We'll both be freed together then, or stay still
By it, so is captivity pleasant.

Jac. What is it you woud have ?

Fla. Your love, Madam.

Jac. 'Tis not in my power to dispose.

Fla. I understand you, Madam, in your dark replies,
Suffer me to attend you to your Brother, and I will shew you
Proofs, he has a favour for me,
Greater then your imagination knows. [He is leading her off
and is met by Cassidore.

Enter Cassidore.

Cass. Madam, may I receive the honour of your service,
You have a hand yet free.

Jac. I want not your assistance, Sir.

Cass. Let me but whisper a secret in your ear, a secret
Of importance.

Jac. Nothing is so important as good manners.

Fla. The Lady is in the right, Sir, you take an ill time
To tell secrets.

Cass. I come not hither, Sir, to learn Instructions of you.

Fla. But I use to give 'em, Sir, to such as want.

Jac. Your Instruction, Sir, is bold and insolent.

Cass. Oblige me then but to reject his service.

Fla. If she should yield to your Counsel, Sir, your life
Were in some danger.

Cass. He that has confidence to withstand his displeasure,
Can never want courage to despise your resign :
That hand thou hast too little right to, and she
Shall soon see which of us is most fearless.

Fla. I will not wrong my happiness so much,
This hand would make a Tygre meek.

Jac. No man is wrong'd, now no man is Possessor. [*She throws*
away Flam, band

Fla. Unhappy frustration, Good Madam, to suppress
His Arrogance, be pleas'd to declare, did you
Recal your favour in respect to his desires, or not.

Jas. What's that to either of you, to whom I stand averse.

Cass. Nay, gracious Madam, do not constrain your liberty :
To favour me : rather expose me to the fury of
Your frowns, then make me Author of your least
Inquietudes : you shall see, Madam, my respects
O'recome my jealousie : I'll patiently retire, and
Wait a time for my revenge.

But, Madam, let it not be forgotten, with what regret
I leave your Presence, being an effect of my obedience.
Not of my desire.

[He is withdrawing.]

Enter Alleria and Julia.

All. I had forgot to ask her when *Cassidore* was
With her last.

Jac. O are you there, now to revenge my Brother : [*Afide.*]
Cassidore, come back,

Cass. My absence may oblige you, Madam.

Jac. If you esteem my love, come back, come
Give me your hand ; I did but chide in jest,
The best Lovers use it ; it sets an edge

Upon

Upon affection: when we invite our friends
Unto a Feast, 'tis not all Sweet-meats that we
Set before 'em.

Cass. Ha, I suspect this sudden change; but
I'll make use of an Expedient to distinguish it.

Fla. Horror to my soul.

Jul. O monstrous, yonder he is with her, Madam.
And she suffers him to lead her.

Alle. I am seiz'd with such a Feavor on the sudden,
That the ground I stand on trembles under me.

Fla. But four words with you, Madam:

Jac. I must not, reason and duty otherwise oblige. [Ex. *Cass.*
and Jac.

Alle. The tempest of a thousand anguishes torment me.

Fla. Reason and Duty otherwise oblige.

Alle. O woman, woman, thy Vows are ropes of sand,
And slight as webs that spiders weave,
Inspire me fury, I'll be reveng'd if I have breath. [Exit. *Alle.*

Jul. So here's like to be fine work: I'll be the
Match to this wild-fire. [Exit *Jul.*

Fla. Now I perceive all her respects are counterfeit,
When she dispenc'd her favour to me, 'twas
With that neglect, as Charity is dispos'd out
Of a Palsie hand; rather let fall then given.

Enter Addibar.

Add. Sir, Signior Robatzy is this way approaching to
Salute you.

Fla. I will prevent him that labour;
I'll wait on him. [Exit and enter presently, whilst the
Scene changes to Robat' house.

Enter Robatzy greeting of Flaminio.

Rob. What consolation, Sir, have I to see you here
In health: your father and I held an entire friendship;
I hope it may be continu'd in his son.

Fla. I shall be honour'd, Sir, to be your Servant; my Mothes
Commanded my delivery of some Letters to you,
Which in your absence, last night, I left at
Your house.

Rob. I have received them, and find you have been exact
To her Appointment.

Fla.

Fla. She writ to me to Florence (where since my Fathers death I have resided with my Uncle) That she had a purpose to be in *Spain* About this time, and with an unusual importunity Required me to meet her here, assuring me I should expect her at your house, but The occasion is to me unknown.

Rob. She writes to me likewise, she will be here Her self about this time.

Fla. My Sister, I hope, comes with her.

Rob. I am not of that belief.

Fla. Why?

Rob. I must not satisfie you.

Fla. Must not; your cloudy Language makes me Fear Misfortune; I doubt she is not living.

Rob. Her death, Sir, is not the thing that should Afflict you most.

Fla. What then?

Rob. Something worse.

Fla. I am in the dark still, still further from your meaning: Why was I appointed to make such Haste Hither.

Rob. I am forbid to tell you any thing; your Mother Doth conjure my secrecie: tomorrow from her own mouth You will be fully inform'd; till when, pray Command my house, and all it can afford to Express your welcom.

Fla. Sir, I thank you for your generous offer, but I Desire to be dispenc'd with for this night.

Rob. Why, whither are you going?

Fla. To give a Visit to an ancient friend, and School-fellow, who by great fortune yesterday I met in the street, soon after my Arrival, One *Don Alvarez*.

Rob. Alvarez, what fatal charmes oblige you to receive The favour of an enemie; have you forgot the Invertebrate hatred that has so long dwelt In both your Families.

Fla.

Fla. No, Sir, I well remember it; but that variance
 Expir'd with our fathers; he sav'd my life once
 In Florence, when 'twas overwhelm'd with
 Peril; and since my Arrival here he has
 Received me, with marks of highest favour, allowing
 Me the honour to renew my Acquaintance to his fair Sister,
 Whom (if Heaven be propitious to my wish)
 I intend—

Rob. All Powers above forbid it; O Sir, persist not in
 A destructive hope: your ruine's nourish'd in
 That thought.

Fla. What mean you, Sir?

Rob. You have express'd words of a most dangerous
 Sense, and if your purposes be not suddenly revers'd,
 You are lost for ever.

If you owe any obedience to a Mothers will,
 Withdraw your resolution.

Fla. My ingratitude would defile my blood, should
 I be less sensible of his favours, benefits so
 Multipli'd would aninate the most ingrateful
 To an Acknowledgment.

Exit.

Rob. What power our Passions have over our Wills, we
 Are all naturally so obstinate against our good,
 That though at Sea we suffer shipwreck, and in
 Warre are overcome; yet we give not over neither.

Enter Don Bertran, Sancho and Pedro.

San. Come Sir, we are at length Arriv'd; this is the house.

Ber. Hold *Sancho*, thou goest too fast for me: the Devil
 Take this Mule, what a damn'd Trot the went;

I am as sore as if *I had* been cudgel'd.

Ped. I am glad on't: you have often put me into that
 Condition, *I thank* your Worships hands for it.

Rob. What's here?

Ber. I have scarce a whole bone left.

San. Fie, Sir, do not complain so loud, you
 Should own no pain so near your Mystris
 But that of love.

Ped. You had better ha' bin horf'd upon one of your
 Flanders Mares.

Rob.

Rob. On my life, this is the old Amorist, that comes
A wooing to my Daughter; Go, call her, *Addibar*;

Add. I shall, Sir.

[Exit.]

Ber. Well, what said she to my Letter?

San. Why, she esteem'd it above her breath;
You are the happiest man living, she is a
Whole Mint of vertue: besides, Sir, she is young,
Fair, witty, modest, tall, slender, and a thousand
Other things.

Ber. But does she love me?

San. Infinitely, You do not love your self so much.

Ber. And—

San. Look you, Sir, here's her father come to
Meet you.

Ber. Why dost thou shew him me? thou
Know'st I could never endure an old man in my life;
But since he's here, I'll speak to him;
Father-in-law, come hither.

Rob. Sir, my observation has instructed me who you are:
And in Testimony of your welcom—

Ber. Nay, nay, no Complement: I am a man of few words.

Enter Alleria veyl'd, and Julia, &c.
I understand your Daughter is marriageable, handsom
I am told too: for the fame of her fills *Toledo*, and—

Jul. Bless us, good Madam, what a thing is this?

All. More out of fashion then he that wants an Oath.

Rob. Her will, Sir, is limited to mine, and I would have
Her place her affections, where she may
Find felicity.

Ber. I can speak to her then as I please.

Rob. Without question, Sir.

Ber. And my discourse, you think, will please her.

Rob. I have no reason to suspect it, Sir, look Sir,
There she is, you have liberty to try her.

Ber. Very well, *Sancho, Pedro.*

Both. Sir, Sir.

Ber. Is nothing amiss about me?

San. All in very good order: only your Ruff, Sir,

Is not in the fashion here in Sivil.

Ped. But yet your shape is graceful.

Ber. The fashion, tell me of the fashion ;
Ple be a fashion to a fashion ; fashion, sayst thou,
He that has wit is never out of fashion.

Ped. I, I, Sir ; the Sun is sufficiently beautified
With its own Rays.

Rob. Horrid impertinence : this is some stuff'd thing
Or out-side of a man.

Ped. Nay Sir, if you wonder at this, what will
Becom of you anon, he is able to speak
More with ease, then any man can endure
With patience.

Ber. Well, Madam, either you are very handsom
Or very ugly : if ugly, you must shew your Im-
Perfections only to me : if handsom, I have
Reason to suspect the frailty of your Sex ;
So that be you handsom, or be you ugly,
'Tis requisite you keep your self veyl'd.

Alle. VVhat Answer shall I make to so much folly ?

San. That was well hit yfaith,

Ber. She had need be a good Horsewoman
That my Rhetorick will not dismount :
Ho, father-in-law, she does not answer
VVhat's the cause ?

Rob. Alas, Sir, she fears to sin against Modesty.

Ber. The joy of her exalted fortune throws her
Into a thousand extasies.

San. How the fool fats himself with hopes,
And toils as much as if his Cards was wise ones.

Ber. What will you be still silent (fair one :)
Come, I must have you talk to me : a woman's
Nothing, if she want a tongue : away with this
Sullen humour, 'tis too cold for my desires ; Come, I
Say, I must have you brisk, lovely, and higher-wing'd.

Alle. Silence, Sir, is the effect of Admiracion.
The nobleness of your deport, and generous behaviour
So much astonishes my unwary sence, I know
Not what to say.

Ber. Hah *Sancbo*, she talks well.

Alle. I was taught to admire you, Sir, before I saw you,
By the Rhetorique of your Amorous lines : your
Eloquent tongue is as powerful as *Orpheus*
Harp, and would like that, make stones fly
About your ears.

San. A witty Rogue, she has prickt his folly in
The right vein.

Ber. I find she has too much wit to be ugly ;
Sirrah Sancho, cause her to be unveyld', 'tis
Time to let me see her shape and aspect.

Aller. Sir, it belongs to me to obey, since you ordain it.

[She putt up her Veyl.]

Ber. Do you here, old man ; I know not what Pattern
You had ; but you have succeeded well, she
Is handsom.

Rob. Your Approbation, Sir, is an honour to her :
Will it please you walk in ?

Ber. I like her forehead well, and the rounding of her eyes ;
O thou Hive of sweetness, thou Model of
Perfection, think not the worse of me,
Because I do not kiss thee ; I will not make
Thy Courtesies so common : *Sancho*, bid her be
Veyl'd agen : Nay, do it, or I'll not speak a
Word more.

Alle. Sir, I know my duty, and shall meet you
In all commands.

Ful. O that I had but liberty to laugh at him.
Ber. Do you hear, father ; you have instructed
Her well : I commend your care ; well my
Child, thou shalt see, I'll make thee the
Best wife in *sivil*.

Alle. Sir, not knowing what a husband is, nor what he
May be, I can promise little.

Ber. Nay, never fear a quiet Union, I am as
Easily pleasd as a child, let me but sleep
I'll ne're disturb you ; Do you hear my
Little Rogue : you my little Rascal.

Ful. You give me faire names, Signior, Rogue and Rascal.

Ber.

Sir. Well, well, its no matter for that, its
Common with me to abuse them I love most :
Get the Bride ready betimes tomorrow. I shall
Make short work on't ; I love to be brief,
Because I love to be plain ; or (hark you)
Now I think on't better ; let us all to bed with
Our clothes on : so we shall be the sooner ready
In the Morning.

Sam. What Company, Sir, will your Worship have to dinner
With you.

Sir. Company, Hang Company, I'le have no Company,
I do not intend to be undone
At a meal ; Come, my Spouse, give me your hand :
Tomorrow early all that will shall see,
The Ship launch'd forth of your Virginity,
And man'd by none but me.
The more I look on thee, the more I prove ;
There's still more cause why I thee more should love. [Excess]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Alvarez and Lysander.

Alv. THE night approaches, and 'tis time to put this
Letter, and my hopes into thy hands.

Lys. What torments my diligence draws upon my self.

Lys. Hasten the delivery : I shall expect thee
With impatience.

[Exit.]

Lys. 'Tis not in the power of my sense to disswade
Him from this last Attempt; we are all to
Our own opinions as Mothers to their children,
Loving to those that merit least :
Who now beholds me, cannot choose but see
An unmatch'd Mirrour of calamity.
To do my duty is to increase my grief,
And prosecute a Fate has no relief :
You Gods, if I must live miserable, why should

I be my self the unhappy cause, and
Press the effect, of what I most should fear ;
See where she walks : O strange event of fate.

Enter Alleria and Julia.

All. Was there ever such a Phantastick at
His years ; I know not what to make of him,
A thing between a Cradle and a Grave.

Ful. I am glad my old Master perceives his folly ;
It may be a good omen, Madam : 6000 Duckets
A year, had once a good digestion with him.

Lys. I dare not make my Address, yet dare not be
Unfaithful.

All. But yet my thoughts are troubled at Jaccinta's
Falseness.

Ful. 'Tis not without reason, Madam : for instead of
Denying Caffidore's Visits, she preferr'd his
Service before anothers.

All. After so firm a Promise too.

Lys. Madam, I am commanded to present this to your
Fair Hands.

All. From whom ?

Lys. From the most passionate Adorer of your beauty.

Ful. Though I know him to be Alvarez servant, I will
Perswade her otherwise, till she has read the Letter ;
Perhaps it may a little mollifie.

All. Who should this be ?

Ful. On my life, Madam, it is the Character of Caffidore,
A Hand worth your heart, I am acquainted with it ;
Come, come, peruse it ; a Lovers hand is not to be rejected.

All. What would this Ingrateful have ?

Lys. He begs, Madam, that at your feet he may receive
His Pardon or his Death.

All. His Death I seek not, let him hope and live,

Lys. O fatal Clemency !

Madam, he owns 'tis guilt enough in him, that
You suspect him guilty ; but the Offerings of the
Penitent, make the offended Gods relent.

All. I am pleas'd at this submissio[n].

[reads.]

Ful.

Ful. I fear you will not be so long.

[aside.]

Madam,

Though I suspect my Address to be offensive, yet
I should not be obedient to my heart, if I did not
Prosecute its will; let me implore you therefore to
Accept of my Contrition, and withdraw the Impressions of
That cruelty, that Winter starves the happiness of

Your unfortunate Vassal,

ALVAREZ.

Alle. Alvarez: Pernicious man, is it from him?
How were my hopes misled?

Lys. What dismal change is this! [tears the Paper in a rage.

Lys. My thoughts did preacquaint me with this issue.

Ful. Madam, to insult upon a prostrate wretch, is
Harder tyranny, then to have made him so.

Alle. He is as hateful to my soul, as sin unto the Saints.

Ful. So Tygres, at the hearing of soft Musick,
Become more cruel.

Lys. So sick men rise and hunt, for what Physicians
Do deny 'em. [Exit.

Ful. 'Tis strange, a man should be so constant under
Such disdains.

Alle. I would acknowledge it a vertue in any other,
But in him a foolish dotage of the mind.

Ful. This Passion measures all things by it self.

Alle. Give me a Lover that would rather die, then that
The world should know he is sick:
These punings and these whinings I abominate.

Enter Cassidore leading and courting Jaccinta.

Ful. How can a just grief contain it self, when
There is so much cause for a Complaint.

Alle. Soft, who are those?

Ful. By this good Evening, Madam, 'tis Cassidore
Courting of Jaccinta.

Alle. What's this that pains my heart o'th' sudden so?

Ful. I can tell you, Madam: 'tis love, the finest sickness
In the world, when it takes two together.

Cass. Oh fairest Lady, fairest of thousands, your blush

Is like the morning : and your smile brighter then noon.

Jac. What would *Alleria* say, if she should hear this?

Cass. In these armes I le lock you fast for ever, and sooner Part from all the World, then from my joys in you.

Alle. O that my eyes were into Bullets turn'd,
That I might shoot 'em at his heart.

Cass. The vertuous heat that sojourns in this mind,
Chafeth my active spirits through my veins,
In such a wanton dalliance, as if pleasure in me
Had proclaim'd a Jubilee.

Alle: Patience, where art thou?

Jul. Out of Call, I warrant you: ha, the sky grows [All. *faints*] Overcast ; help, help, help, O my Lady : in Jul. *arms*

Cass. How now, what cry is that?

Jul. O cursed man : you are the unhappy cause.

Jac. *Alleria* : and in a Swoon ; I have a Balsom (chaf'd Upon her temples) will recover her in an instant. [Ex. *Jacc.*]

Jul. O you tyrant, you hard-hearted man, is this fit Usage to a Lady ? has all your feign'd respects to her Brought forth this fruit ?

Cass. What shall I do ? unhappy accident.

Jul. You have no way to recompence her, but by Putting on an Artificial Penitence.

Cass. Hear me, thou fairest Idol of the eye, behold What torments does oppress my soul, to see The light of those bright Suns eclips'd. The day has no esteem, but for thy sake.

Jul. What pretty flattering stuff these men are made of?

Cass. Hear but my mournful Sighs, the best Expressors O a heavy sorrow.

Enter Jaccinta with a Viol.

Jac. Amazement seize me, what do I behold ; all the Distrusts that are past, at this one Object return [breaks at To thicken this black vapour,

Jul. So, now it happens as I design'd.

Cass. I love you secretly, my Humility will witness The truth of my respects ; this that you have construed As a wandring from my Allegiance, is but a Feign'd Civility.

Jac.

Jac. To what remote uninhabitable place of the earth
Is the faith of mankind fled ? — thou hast now
Unveyl'd the black disguise cloth'd thy false soul.

Cas. Madam.— [Rises and speaks to Jaccinta.

Fac. Nay, never seek for an excuse,
For now another shall enjoy the heart thou hast
So much abus'd ; I give it unto one declares he hates me.
E're thou shalt be Possessor of it, and so take
Vengeance on my self for my too easie faith.

Cas. Why, Madam, are you thus offended, for a
Fault committed by my tongue, and not my heart ;
Your Jealousie is unjustly alarm'd, all that I
Have said is counterfeit, on purpose to delude
Her, from suspecting of my faith to you.

Alle. O Traitor, canst thou with blush-less impudence
Declare so much to her ? — [Starts from Jul. arms

Jul. I thought we should have change of weather,
The Moon hung so.

Jac. Perfidious, now declare thy self, to which of us
Is thy base heart inclin'd?

Alle. Pull off your Mask, you shall dissemble no
More.

Jul. I should less pity him, had he 30 Bayliffs
At his heels.

Alle. Speak then, to which of us is thy love given,
Perjur'd man?

Cas. So the assembled Clouds do meet and poure
Their long collected fury in one shoure:

Fac. Unfaithful, is it to me :

Alle. Am I the Object of your love ?

Fac. Am I that of your hate !

Jul. I never till now saw a soul in Purgatory.

Alle. Deceiver.

Fac. Flatterer.

Alle. Double soul, and without faith.

Jac. Promise-breaker.

Cas. Oh Heavens : has the simplicity of my respect
Begot this issue.

Alle.

Alle. Cousener, you love me.

Cass. I do; may my hopes accordingly be blest.

Fac. And me.

Cass. I adore you with my soul.

Jac. Thou canst divide thy self.

Alle. O insolence.

Jul. He is courted with that variety, his appetite
Stands Newter.

Cass. I am devoted to you both, the hoaouring her
Merit, is doing homage to yours: you are both
Fair, and it will be injustice to one of you
To tell you more.

Alle. Come back, or I'll abjure thy sight for ever.

Jac. Come back, I say, and put an end to this dispute—

Jul. Pray Madam, hear me. [Whispers All.]

Cass. Madam, for Heavens sake permit me to disguise [to *Jac.*]
My disesteem for her in words, which I beseech you
Credit as the true meaning of my soul to you.

Jul. Alas, Madam, how would you have him govern himself
In such Surprizes: of necessity, he must flatter
One, to preservē his interest in the other.

Cass. Madam, if I have said any thing displeasing, let
Your discretion tell you, how much I was surpriz'd,
And woe you to a forgiveness: is it possible, you
Should have greater proofs of my affection, then
What I have already given, you know, she loves
Me not, and she has told you so; and to assure you
My Integrity is more to you then to her; I'll give
You (in her hearing) the Pledge of all my soul
To witness, that I will never court her more.
Only suffer me, by that respect I pay unto her
Brother, to wait upon her back; in common
Civility I am oblig'd to that.

Alle. How I may trust him now, I cannot tell,
But he has a strange power over me.

Jul. So the congeal'd vapour melts again: He
After her, and yet dissuade her from any good
Opinion of him.

[Exit *Jul.*
Cass.

Cass. Come, Madam, have I not well feigned?

Jac. — You have — but yet it shall [Alle, and Jul. ap.
pearing in her Chamber
[Exit Cass. and Jac.

Not profit you.

Enter Sancho running.

San. O Madam: if you love your peace, be gone from
Hence: My Master is almost frantick with Jealousie,
Only by the power of a dream:
He heard the voice of a man, as he thought,
In your Chamber,
And is beyond all remedy Lunatick, his rage
Is hotter then the dog-days.

Enter Bertran with his Night-Cap and Sward drawn.

Ber. Ho, who's there? what are you? speak; bring lights there
[Jul. puts out the Candle.

San. Hark, do you hear his bellowing?

Ber. Where are you? speak, tell me: ha:nay, if you 'scape
Me, the Devil's in't, I will dispeople all the earth,
And drown the World in blood but I will find him.

Alle. How shall we do to 'scape the torture of his frenzy.

San. Fear not, Madam, retire to your Chamber, and
I'll keep him in talk till you get out.

Ber. What voice is that, speak, or I will chop
A Leg of: by my vext soul I'll make thee
A Break-fast for the Crows.

San. Pray Sir, be patient; I am your Servant Sancho.

Ber. O is it you, you are a pretty Rascal, Sirrah,
To be up with my Spouse at this time of night.

San. The care of your honour, Sir, mov'd me to be
Watchful, that none might wrong your love.

Ber. O I thank you, Sir, you are careful of my honour
Sirrah, who the Pox committed that care [Kicks San. he
To your charge: you Trencher-slave, I'll kick thee, grumble,
Till thou hast no more feeling then a Jew's conscience.

San. Who the Devil would serve a man, to be
Thus abus'd.

Ber. Ha, mutterest thou?

San. I am sure I have deserv'd better.

Ber. Still mutterest thou?

San. But I see I must endure it.

Ber. Yet mutterest thou?

Jul. So do fat dogs worry the lean.

Ber. Sirrah, villain, slave, dog, toad, whelp, what
Sayst thou? by this Hilt, I'll rip up each vein
And sinew of thy heart, if thou dost not tell
Me what this noise was?

San. Why, why, why, Sir?

Ber. Quick, quick, you Hound: I shall be made
Ridiculous, the scoffe and laughter of the World.

Alle. Ha, ha, ha, what a Phlegmatick fool is this?

San. Good Sir, be more temperate; I would not for
My hand, the House here should perceiye one
Of your years and gravity to be—

Ber. Ha, my years and gravity: why you thin-gutted
Slave, how old am I: I am not rotten yet,
Nor grown so Ranck, to sinell o'th' Grave; O
Times and Manners, he takes me for a hollow Trunck,
A Carcass, a Tomb, a Sepulcher.

Alle. This fellow has a *Babel*-arrogance.

Jul. Brave in the shop, but nothing in the ware-house.

San. Why, Sir, Age is a Term may be giv'n to a Child;
I did not say you were old, Sir; I should bely
My sight, there are roses in your cheeks, a quick
And active blood runs free and fresh, through
Every vein.

Ber. Now he makes a boy of me; a very stripling
School-boy.

Jul. I had best help to quiet him, Madam; lest my
Master over-hear us: and a worse thing happen.

San. Still you take all things worse then they are
Meant, Sir, you are so jelaous.

Ber. Jealous, I have not cause for it.

Jul. For pity sake, fret not your Master thus:— [Jul. runs
Pray Sir, be pacified. *to him.*

Ber. O are you there, Huswife,
I must be pacified; a very Baby, an Infant.

Give

Give me some Pap or Plums, buy me a Hobby-horse
And a Rattle.

Alle. Thou hast a hundred in thy head already. [aside.]

Ful. What an overgrown Wasp is this? pray Sir, to bed,
Tis late; what do you think 'tis a Clock?

Ber. Go look.

Ful. The sky is full of stars, you may know by them.

Ber. The stars and clocks too: tell me the
Reason why I am disturb'd: tell me that.

Ful. Why, you disturb your self, Sir.

Ber. Go, go, you are a prattling Housewife; I have no mere
To say to you: I'll go to your Mystriss, and know
The cause from her.

Ful. My Mystriss; alas sir, she's in bed, and sleeps
Securely.

Ber. Well then, I'll go hearken if she snores, for
I would rather lie with a Hog, than a snoring
Bedfellow.

Ful. I came from her Chamber, Sir, but now,
She is as calm as Midnight.

Ber. I'll go wake her then, for I have
A fancies to prattle with her.

Ful. That, Sir, were to abuse the good opinion she
Has of your breeding; and I have heard her say,
She believes you are very learn'd.

Ber. But believe.

Jul. And virtuous.

Ber. Who knows not that?

Jul. A great Historian, and well read.

Ber. Who dares deny it?

Jul. Would it not then be much unsuitable to their
Good Qualities, to interrupt her in her rest.

San. She tickles his vanity rarely;
Good Sir, to bed then, and take your full repose:
You will look ill else, on your Wedding-Morn:

Ber. Away, Sirrah, you are a fool.

San. I do confess it, Sir.

Ber. An Ass, and a Knave.

San. So are my betters.

Ful. Nay, good Sir be patient : sprinkle water on your Choller : You shall not be angry ; come, you Shall not, for my sake be patient. [*She flatters and bugs him*:

Ber. Well, I am pacified : and now thou hast pleas'd Me, I will rehearse to thee one of my Comedies : That which I intend shall be acted the morrow After my Wedding.

Ful. How do you call it, Sir ?

Ber. Herod's *Slaughter of the Innocents*.

Ful. An excellent Theam as any you could have chose.

San. But that's Tragical, Sir.

Ber. Hold your tongue, Sirrah ; I hope I know what it Is, that writ it : in the last A& I bring all To life again.

San. I Sir, now you are in the right.

Ber. I have written fourty Plays, and never any Gave me so much trouble, for in the first Scene, I bring in: *Herod* with three hundred *Innocents*.

Ful. How Sir ; O me, what a fine sight that will be,

San. If *Herod* have any Attendants, the Stage will Be pretty well fill'd.

Ber. He shall have his Guards, Footmen and Pages.

Ful. Why Sir, that will be a little Army.

San. Madam, Madam, you may get by now. [*softly to Alle.*

Ber. Ha : what's that ? Ho, house:bring lights there; I heard somebody whisper, who is it ? speak, *Sirrah*.

San. Why Sir, 'twas I, was speaking to your *Innocents* ; I was saying they would take up too much Room.

Ful. You had like to have spoil'd all : No, no, no, [*softly to* Our great Hall would hold 'em; if they were Sancho: Twice as many ; but, Sir, to your second Scene.

Ber. In that I exceed belief, for just as the Tyrant Is about to destroy 'em, I bring in —

Ful. Alas, what shall we do ? —

Enter Pedro with lights.

Ped. Who was it call'd for lights here ?

Ber.

Ber. Here, here, here : O my dear Mystris, are you there ?

Bert. *stares and spies Aller.*

I did you too much wrong to think you asleep.

Aller. Why, Sir ?

Ber. Why Sir, why was there not a man shut up
In your Chamber, did I not hear him ?

Aller. What's this you say ?

Ber. Why *I* say that you did not sleep, there was
A certain man prevented you ; what is he
Handsom, is his eye pleasing to you, and his Nose
Well made ; are his Legs of a right Cut,
Or shall I cut 'em for you ?

Aller. Do you only feign your self mad, or are you
So indeed.

Ber. What am I, what do you make of me ?

Ped. Two Questions, no body can Answer.

Ber. 'Tis well, fair Madam : you esteem me mad then,
And dare tell me so much unto my face ;
I le shew you that I am not mad, for I will
Not be deceiv'd : here, give me a light, by
Pluto's soul I le find him : though he were
Above Steeples, or beneath Hell ; nay, if he
Were retreated to his Mothers womb.

[Exit in a fury, with a Candle in
his hand, and sword drawn.

Aller. I, I : Let him go, let him go ; the Bear
Wants Breathing.

Ful. Good Madam, take this occasion of his absence,
And be gone.

San. 'Tis well advis'd, Madam, for now his Passion
Is up : he will disturb you more then a Catter-
Wauling : the 32 winds (when broken forth at
Once in opposition) will be soft Musick to the
Noise he'll make.

Aller. Hark, what a rumbling he keeps :
An everlasting hoarseness dwell in his throat.

[Exit.

Ber. *within*] Death and Furies, Must I be all night a hunting
You ; speak and save thy life, a man, a rogue,

A

A Villain, a Household-thief, a Robber of my Honour, a Spider to infect my walls, come out You Wolf, come out here.

Jnl. What a roaring does he keep.

[noise agen.

San. Heark, on my life he is tumbled over something.

Ber. O Sancho, Sancho, Sancho, help, help, help: bring Me lights here, I am undone.

San. I must in and help him, he'll grieve himself Sick else.

[Ex. Sancho.

Jnl. Well, go thy ways for a vexatious old fool, When a man is a trouble to himself, 'tis time The World were rid of him.

Ped. Jealousie was ever valiant : Well, if e're she marries him, let her take my Advice, For a revenge cuckold him.

Jnl. Cuckold him : 'tis such a common Town-trick She scorns to follow the fashion.

Enter Sancho leading Bertran.

Ber. O Pedro, Pedro, what shall I do, both my Shins Are broken against the frame of a stool.

San. and *Ped.* Alas, poor Master.

[bursts out into a

Ber. How now, what dost laugh ?

whining laughter.

San. Who I laugh, Sir; alas, not I, Sir; I am griev'd [cries At your misfortune.

Ber. Come, come, peace, good Sancho; it cannot be help'd, Go, Pedro, go get me some brown paper and a little Honey.

Ped. I shall, Sir.

[Exit.

Jnl. A Halter and a Gallows rather.

[aside.

San. Come Sir, put up your sword, since the Rogue is Fled for't, let the gods punish him.

Ber. No, let the devil punish him ; he'll hamper him : Where is this Quean ? She can tell me what he was ; You Houswife, Pölcat, you soapy-Slut, what say you ? Where is he ? what was he ?

Jnl. Why thou bundle of diseases, thou yelping devil, Where dost thou think thou art, thou tun of

Nastiness : were not poison to thee natural, thy [takes him by the collar own

Own rotteness would strangle thee : O that
Thy eyes were worth the pulling out.

San. Well faid, at him.

Ber. Ha, *Sanct*, *Sanct*, what says she ? [claps him on the back.]

San. She's mad, Sir.

Jul. That Lady thy poisonous tongue abuses thus,
Has more vertue in her then all thy Progeny
Could ever own : Slight, were it not a shame
Unto humanity. I would (in reparation of her
Wrongs :) Kick thy fat Lump into its Grave,
Force thee to creep into thy Scabbard, and make
Thee with thy own hands stick up thy bellowing
Chaps.

San. Well done, faith Girle, here's a *Virago* for you.

Ber. Nay, nay, nay, I am satisfied my Spouse
Is honest, prithee, good Wench, hold thy tongue,
And make no words on't; I will believe the
Noise I heard was in the next house, or any
Thing else that thou wouldest have me.

Jul. VVhy so, Sir, now it is as it should be : this
Temper does become you : a Husband should
Be always credulous of his VVives honesty ,
Though he has no reason for't, the VVorld will
Count him a good-natur'd man ; I will go
Tell my Lady now what a good-natur'd man you
Are when you are pleas'd.

[Exit Julia.]

San. She has hector'd him rarely : he is as calm
As a child in sleep.

Ber. Come, *Sancho*, lead me to my bed, my head akes,
My shins are broke, my bones sore, my stomach
Is faint ; I am all disordered, Heaven send us
VVell back again, for we have none of her.

San. Truly, Sir, it was against my will you took
This journey.

Ber. VVhene're my heart (again) Love entertains,
May all the Divels in Hell forbid the baynes. [Exeunt.]

Enter Flaminio and Addibar, with Musick ready.

Flam. The house is hereabout, go call the Musick.

Add.

Add. They are here, Sir,

Fla. Bid 'em sing the Song that I appointed under
That window, and d'ye hear, get the Masquerade
Ready : in case she should look out.

Jac. What Musick is this I hear ? [*Jac. at the window.*
The stillness of the night lends it a graceful eccho.

Fla. Now for the Masquerade. [*A Dance in Antique habits.*
After the Dance, Enter Cassidore.

Cass. Who is that, that dares attempt the Circumvention
Of my hopes, speak whoe're thou art.

Fla. My name's Flaminio.

Jac. Flaminio ;

Cass. Then know I am thy mortal Enemy, *Cassidore* : and
Tis no little joy to me, that I have met thee here ;
Tell me, and that suddenly, why thou assum'st
The liberty to court my Mistris.

Fla. As her brothers friend she suffers my respects ;
If I were her Lover, dost think me Master
Of no more discretion, then to satisfie my
Rival with it,

Cass. Then draw.

Fla. As willingly as ever man met fortune.

Jac. Ah — [*They fight, Jac. shrieks and shuts the window.*

Add. O help, help, help, what will you do, Sir :

Master, Gentlemen, [*running between them.*

Enter Alvarez running.

Alle. What noise is this, who calls for help ?

Add. Here, Sir, here.

Alva. Ha, *Cassidore*, is it you ?

What hath inrag'd thy blood to such a fury,

Cass. Who would not die with joy in the defence of his
Affection,

Alva. What, Flaminio, too ; what devil (envious of mens
Friendship) scattered the seeds of this dissention,

Fla. Dear friend, leave us to our difference,

Alva. I must not leave you, nor I will not.

Cass. O 'tis a disfavour to us now,

Alva. Let me but know the cause,

Cass.

Cass. Nothing.

Fla. Nothing.

Alv. Come, *Flaminio*, with you I know I can prevail ;
You were not wont to hide a thought from me :

Tell me, what hath drawn this foul weather in thy face ?

Fla. Why, suppose he would have me quit my right
To blessedness.

Cass. Or he deprive me of that good that is invaluable.

Alv. I comprehend you not ; you do not deal by me as
One whose love was worth your estimation.

I have an equal interest in both your fates ; you are
Both my friends : neither can suffer, but I must
Share in t : How comes it then my importunitie
Find such opposition.

Cass. In vain, *Alvarez*, is this friendship shewn : my
Resolution is but deferr'd for some moments, had he
The Altar for security : Religion should not
Bind me from his death.

[Exit *Cass.*]

Alv. I little thought, *Flaminio*, you could have been
Repugnant to a Friends request.

Fla. Prithee desist, it is not worth thy care.

Alv. Can any thing require the Exposure of thy life,
That bears not a value worthy of my knowledge.

Fla. What wouldst thou have me tell thee,
Heavens, what an extremity is this ?

[aside.]

Alv. Since you refuse to tell me,
I guess the cause : you are both in love with one beauty.

Fla. Thou hast surmiz'd a truth, now thou art satisfied.

Alv. If I am, I owe no thanks to your confession : yet
Oblige me, tell but her name.

Fla. O cruelty it self, must I declare to him : it is [aside].
His Sister.

Fla. How ill doth this Reserve become thee now ?
I never hid from thee the secrets of my soul : thou
Wert the Closet to 'em all.

Fla. What can I tell him if I name her, what is it he
Will not say, for I have courted her without his
Licence.

[aside]

I must conceal it till a fitter time.

Alv.

Alv. This confusion in him raises my distrust. I fear *Luside*
It *Alleria*: — What, must I not know her then?

Fla. This Reluctance, friend, proceeds from certain
Fears I have, that when I have nam'd her
To you, you'll turn my enemy; and cancel that
Most sacred bond of Union, that hath so long been
Seal'd between us; judge then, is it fitting I
Should tell thee any more; trust me, *Alvarez*,
Thy desires, thy desires, should find a recompence
In any thing but this: --- farewell. [offers to go]

Alv. Heark you, *Flaminio*, whither are you going thus late?

Fla. I have oblig'd my self, to lie this night at
Signior *Robatzys*; for both of us tomorrow early
Are to meet my Mother in her way from *Rome*;
Good-night — [Exit.]

Alv. I am more confus'd then ever; he lies this night
At her house, how every thing conspire to
Aggravate my doubts; was it for this (false man)
I fav'd thy life, to supplant me of my hopes: O
Wolf that durst devour the breast that nurs'd thee;
But he forgets, the life I gave him was but lent,
And is to be remanded at my pleasure; I see
His end through all his close contrivance: now I find
That open foes are easier to invade,
Then Ambushes that are in friendship laid. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Signior Robatz, Flaminio and Addibar.

Fla. IT were unfit, Sir, my Mother should be attended
Only with your Company, and my self here, waiting
Her Arrival.

Rob. Though 'tis your duty, Sir, it is not needful;
For 'twas her Command you should expect her
At my house.

Fla. My soul would suffer much disquiet, should
I omit a duty so becoming.

Rob.

Rob. But she is not assured of your Arrival, Sir,
Only may guess it by the time of her Appointment.

Fla. So much the better, Sir, duty's perform'd, when
Unexpected renders the Surprize the greater.
Well, Sir, 'tis your Conquest, and I must yield,
We'll go together.

Enter Alvarez and Lyfander.

Fla. Addibar, Get the Coach ready, and bring it to
The Garden-gate.

Add. I shall, Sir.

[Exit Add.]

Lys. It is all truth that I have told you, Sir, she
Loaths you more than youth hates death; or age
Her spightful Neighbour; The Letter that
You sent by me she tore into a thousand pieces,
And with a look so full of terror, as if she would
Have done as much to you.

Fla. Hold, Sir, yonder's Alvarez: Pray suffer me
To take my leave of him before we go.

Rob. Not for a world, Sir, pray pardon me: I must not
Suffer it.

Fla. Your restraint is as unjust as cruel. I, should I
Violate the respects I owe him: and without cause
Reject so dear a friend.

Alva. Who is that, Flaminio?

Rob. The more you urge me,
I am the more averse to your desires: Pray let us go.

Fla. This is unnatural, Sir, thus to refuse the
Conversation of the man I most esteem.

Rob. I cannot grant it you. [Exit Rob. pulling of Flam.]

Alva. Now truth's unmasqu'd, and shame walketh
By, bearing a blushing torch; Didst thou
Observe, Lyfander, with what care and trouble he
Avoided me: Doubtless, the remorse of his
Ingratitude, makes him conscious of the wrongs
He has done me, whilst she triumphs in
Her unjust security.

Lys. Ah, my Lord, the Heavens are too impartial
To behold (with pleas'd eyes) the wickedness of our
Offences, and therfore prudently inflict upon us punishments
Ofttimes proportion'd to the nature of our crimes.

Alva. I call all nature to witness, to accuse me
Of a sin qualified for such a judgment.

Lys. Examine well, Sir, the actions of your life ;
No breach of faith, no violation of a sacred Vow.

Alva. By the soul of truth I never.—

Lys. Hold Sir ; before you swear, let me discover
To you what she told me ; somebody in
Prejudice of your love inform'd her, that in
Italy you were contracted to a young and an
Innocent Maid, nam'd *Semena*, of a noble Family :
But when she had given her vertue to your
Charge, exchang'd hearts, and wrap'd 'em in your
Faith : You most dishonourably left her the
Ignominy and scandal of her sex ; and upon this
Conjecture, Sir, she builds her Rigour, that he
Who changes once, may do so ever.

Alva. But this was not inconstancy.

Lys. Not Sir, it will be difficult to prove it other.

Alva. Fear not, I shall easily convince her of
My innocence.

Lys. Heavens, what can this Ingrateful say ?

Alva. Alas, I had not seen that Lady that thou
Speak'st of, when she was offred me to wife ; [aside.
'Tis true, by the perswasion of our relations, I did
Agree to marry her, to reconcile some
Animosities, that had long liv'd in both our
Families : so that it was not the Election
Of my Will, but the interest of my Peace oblig'd me to it ;
Judge then how much I am wrong'd, by being
Upbraided with a crime I am not guilty of.

Lys. My soul has now her full load.

Enter Jaccinta and Livia veyl'd.

Alva. Hold, yonder's a Lady veyl'd,
For shape and motion much resembling *Alleria*.

Lys. Dear Sir, forbear, I must not suffer you ;
Do you not know the custom of the place ?
To draw the Curtain in the street (though she
Were mean) is mortal.

Alva. Nothing shall restrain me :

Liv. Your brother, Madam.

Jac. Alas, how shall I shue him?

Alva. Madam ——

Liv. What is't would you ha ve, Sir ?

Alva. A view of that fair Lady:

What eye can see you, Madam , and not carry War
Unto his heart.

Lys. Did ever man more wilfully prosecute his
Own Misfortunes ?

Alva. 'Tis a felicity to me, to be within the view of my
Tormentor : My rest, my life, my all is in your hands.

Liv. You are ill instructed,Sir, this is not she you look for.

Alva. Not she,what makes her shun me then ?

Lys. You see, you shoot your Arrows against
A Rock, which may return to hurt you.

Alva. Let me but hear her speak : give me a
Word from her.

Jac. Look you,Sir,what will it profit you? [puts up her veyl

Alva. My Sister, what treacherous Guides are our desires:
Why did you keep my heart so long lock'd up in error?

Jac. Only to try what passions were about it.

Alva. But whether were your hasty steps directed ?

Jac. Nay, I am at my journey's end, Brother ;
My setting forth was only bent to give you joy,
I hear you are to be married.

Alva. Ah, Sister, my death you'll sooner see,
I am injur'd above the power of sufferance.

Jac. By whom, Brother.

Alva. You know too well; the false *Flaminio*.

Jac. What's his crime ?

Alva. His love.

Jac. His love ?

Alva. His treacherous love, why do you feign your self
Ignorant of what you so well know ?

Jac. O Heavens, he knows he loves me : and thence
His anger comes.

Alva. Were he hid within the Caverns of the earth,
My revenge (subtil as it is) should find him ;
And though he had a sword tempered with charmes,
Yet would I kill him.

Jac. O brother, he's but an ill Physician will destroy

[aside.]

The

The Patient he can cure, the errors of our Friends, we should detect with admonition, Not with rage and violence.

Alva. Thou art his Advocate.

Jac. Love, brother, (if it be a crime) is not always An Act of our intention, but oftentimes we are Surpriz'd into it by accident, the offences therefore That proceed from our Misfortunes, are not to Be charg'd as the transgressions of our wills, But rather pitied as our frailties, and excus'd.

Alva. Sister, I approve your intercession, and call It by the name of generous: I have lov'd Him so, he was the Volume of my secrets.

Jac. How know you then but your suspicions are Unjust, and Innocence made guilty by a false surmize.

Alva. O 'tis too evident he loves her.

Fac. Her, who?

Alv. Alleria.

Jac. He love Alleria.

Alva. I surpriz'd him even now talking with her Father, and when he saw me, he flunk away as Black souls do at the face of Justice: besides, He lay last night at her house.

Fac. O fie to your revenge; let him not live a moment, Now I curse the rash Compassion I bestow'd upon him.

Alva. Why are you (Sister) so incens'd, because a Mote Troubles your eye, would you for this pluck down The Sun from Heaven.

Jac. The trouble (brother) that appears in me, riseth From an apprehension of his wrongs to you; Can there be a greater indignity imputable to Man then breach of trust, and that in sacred Friendship; Friendship did I say, friendship Is lost when Rivalship begins; Go, go, and Punish in his blood the crimes of his false soul.

Alva. What, in a Turtle's look a Tygre's mind. He is but an ill Physician will destroy the Patient he can cure, the errors of our friends we Should detect with admonition, not with rage and violence.

Jac. Dull purblind frailty: as 'tis a glory to be jealous.

Of our honour, so 'tis an errour to wink at what
We ought to see.

Alva. If it be an errour, Sister, it was introduce'd by you.

Fac. Then 'twas the ignorance of his crime made
Me stand up against the guilt, and interpose
Between your wrath and him; but now I do no
Longer hold you, haste to your revenge: as many
Minutes as you defer it, so many wounds you
Make upon his breast.

Alva. Away, rash woman, thou art no more alli'd
Unto my nature, than a Vulture's to a Dove.

Fac. No, no, let him live then, and be the mark
Of your disgrace.

Alva. You are inconsiderate in your passion: would you
Have me kill the man that's worthy of my
Mercy: perhaps my jealousie has done him
Wrong: his love to her may be of an Elder
Growth then mine.

Fac. O injurious Clemency: the life he owes you
(Were there no other cause) obliges him to
Resign all Claims unto her: but he deserves
All wrongs that can so tamely suffer the
Privation of his love.

Alv. My Inquietades are great, I'le take the
Recollection of some minute in the mean time,
Make you a Visit to *Alleria* for further
Confirmation, she hath well counterfeited,
But yet I see through the deceit:
O what a wondrous little part

Has Heaven, in a dissembling womans heart. [Exeunt Alv.

Liv. I wonder, Madam, you should love a man, and Lys.
Yet seek his death with so much earnestness.

Fac. I loath the thought of loving him: If I have
Any passion for him, 'tis revenge.

Liv. That vengeance is but lame, that walks upon
The Crutches of the tongue, though
You have thundred out your fury against
Him, I know you would not hurt a hair
Of him for all the world.

Fac. O how should I rejoice to see an Earthquake

Gape and take him in before me : Not hurt
Him ; yes, I would be as wild in my revenge
As is the Lion in full heat of blood : when by
Instinct he knows his Mate plays false.

Enter Cassidore.

Cass. O Madam ; I rejoice in this good fortune :
It was you I sought for.

Jac. And it was you I would avoid.

Cass. At your approach my heart starts out of its
Dark despair, and opens as Roses at the gentle
Aspect of the Sun : why do you use so ill, a man
So faithful.

Enter Alleria and Julia.

Jac. Yonder is one will give you a reason for it.

Cass. Madam, she is handsom, and more kind.

All. What always with that deceitful : now I find
A fair occasion for my revenge, *Jaccinta* : you
Appear to me so indispos'd ; I have no
Encouragement to acquaint you with my News.

Jac. What is it, Madam ?

All. Nay, 'tis unseasonable now (I find) to talk of
Masks and Revels.

Jac. All manner of Intelligence from you is welcom.

All. Since you will know it then, I'll tell you: my
Father hath at length appointed me a husband.

Jac. Do you not mean the fat old Gentleman my
Brother told me of.

All. Out upon him for a Puff-past, no one that
Is youthful, nobly born, and generous : when
You know who it is, you will approve my choice.

Jac. Who is it, pray ?

All. You need but small instruction, he hath
Lodg'd at your house : 'tis your Brothers friend.

Jac. His name.

All. How willingly she would hear, what she unwillingly

Would know — *Flaminio*. Ha, ha, ha ; [aside.]
Now she resents my griefs.

Liv. Madam, Madam, for shame ~~recall~~ your self,
And bear it bravely.

Cass.

Cass. I have much interest in the event.

Jac. But pray tell me, is not this change welcom to you?

Alle. The wretched beggar could not resent,

What greater joy should he a Kingdom gain?

I count his love's the highest thought felicity

Can reach; and reap such happiness in his esteem;

I want a subject for another wish.

Jac. But does he recompence your esteem with the
Reward that is due to it?

Alle. He loves me more then I can express;
He swears he lives only by the blessing of my eyes;
When he is near me he is transported, but
Out of sight, in torments: if by chance I meet
him, I fear to see him die with joy: and (if his
Oaths be true) not only with dislike, but hate,
He views all other faces.

Jac. And you love him you say as much.

Alle. Love him: I had much rather live with him
On some high Mountain cover'd with snow,
And hung with Icicles, then live with any
Other in Palaces, with all varieties imaginable.

Jac. You hear this, *Cassidore*?

Cass. I do, Madam, and rejoice to see her Fortunes swell
To your desire.

Alle. I sooner shall forget my name then my engagements
To your favours: but your inconstancy was of an ill
Example; it soon taught me the way.

Cass. Pray Madam, let us mention it no more, but
Still repute me as I ever was: Your servant.

Alle. Sir, I thank you; Madam, at my Wedding, pray
Give me the honour of your Company. [Exit *Jac.* and *Liv.*

Jac. You ever had commands upon your servant. *with Cass.*

Cass. Permit me, Madam, I beseech you to give you
My Attendance.

Alle. My Revenge I have, but not my hopes.

Jul. Why, Madam?

Alle. Fortune's utmost spight pursues me: *Cassidore*
Still flies me.

Jul. You lose nothing in the change, Madam:
Flaminio is the handsomer man in my opinion.

Alle. Thou art mistaken, *Julia*; I have held a false
Glass before her eyes: all this I said, I feign'd,
Only to punish her infidelity to me.

Jul. Say you so, Madam; now by my honesty
It was cunningly carried.

Enter Cassidore.

But see, Madam, *Cassidore* returns, and that's
No ill sign.

Alle. What, have you so soon quitted the Idol of
Your soul: O, I see the reason, your looks discover
Some unkindness in her carriage to you.

Cass. It were a wrong unto the goodness of her Nature,
Should I make the least complaint of her ill usage.

Alle. Come, come, unvizard your deceit: has she not
Told me, she despis'd your courtship, and vow'd
It was much dislike she ever saw you.

Cass. Those discourtesies have found a Grave long since.
The minute (Madam) is scarce past, in which she
Gave me Promise of her love: and I am going
Now to seek her brother out for his consent:
Your servant, Madam.

[*Exit.*]
Alle. What have I done, how I am punish'd with my
Own craft; my hypocrisie hath only serv'd
To make her desperate, in crediting the truth
Of my report she hath given her faith to him.

Jul. How could you expect it other?

Alle. I have made a Causway of Ice, my self to walk on.

Jul. Good Madam.

Alle. Affliction on affliction hourly finds me.

Jul. Pray Madam, hear me.

Alle. Would I had bit my unhappy tongue out,
When I invented words so fatal to my hopes.

Jul. Why here's a woman right, never settled in one
Mind; either too mild a calm,
Or else too rough a storm.

Well may men say, we are a kind of ill mixt-Nature.

Enter Robatz meeting Alleria and Julia.

Rob. Daughter, I have been seeking you, *Flaminio*'s
Mother is arriv'd; I would have you haste
To give her welcom.

All. I shall attend her, Sir.

[Exit Aller]

Rob. Do you hear, Julia?

Jul. Sir.

Rob. What storm is that sits in your Mystris's brow.

Jul. Nothing, Sir, but perplex'd a little at the
Follies of the old lover.

Rob. Bid her think what wealth she will be Mystris of.

Jul. Hang wealth, what does plenty signifie with decease.

Rob. Why just so much as beauty with poverty.

Jul. Fie, Sir, would you have her chain'd to a man,
Who divides the houres with Cofes : as Cokes do
The night, by instinct of Nature.

Rob. Youth, like a Hunter, when his prey is taken
Seeks for new Game, and leaves the old forsaken ;
Tell her from me, Young fruits the stomach gripe.

Jul. And those do surfeat that are over-ripe.

Ber. within. Ho, where are you father-in-law.

Jul. Heark, Sir, the Hunt's up, you hear the cry : I'll
Be gone. If I stay I shall have the Head-ach
Three days after.

[Exit Julia]

Rob. She is in the right, for he drops out of his
Mouth in an houre, whatsoever is pour'd in at
His ears in a day.

Enter Bertran and Pedro..

Ber. O old man, are you there?

Rob. I Sir, what would you have?

Ber. What did you hear any thing of the noise last night?

Rob. No, Sir, I heard nothing.

Ber. No faith, I believe thee ; if the Fire should
Burn your house down ; you would be roasted like
A Woodcock int' , before you woudl 'scape it.
Lord, Lord, what ill ears have these old fellows : But
Though you are so damnable drowsie, you
Have a daughter watchful enough.

Rob. Why, what was the matter, Sir?

Ber. First, tell me, have you a mind to hear me?

Rob. With all my heart, I am prepar'd.

Ber. Well, I'll tell you then, but can you hear well
When you do not sleep ? shall I speak loud ?

Rob. Speak as you please, Sir, I shall hear.

Ber. And will you hold your tongue?

Rob. As long as you please.

Ped. Have at him then.

Ber. First then, I must tell you I am noble, and
Not of a common Birth; my father was a Gentleman,
But I am a better Gentleman than he: my
Way is courteous to all the world; I have every
Bodies good word; there's not a Footman in Toledo,
But had rather keep me Company than his Master:
Every one laughs to see me; what, you are asleep already.

Rob. No, no, no, Sir, I am attentive.

Ber. I excel all mankind in riding the great Horse,
For at a Leap I throw my self into the Saddle,
And with that swiftness, that 'tis unperceivable;
Then when I dismount I cast my self off much
Better: which, you know, are remarkable proofs of
Agility: and for Valour, I am so full of it
I am ready to burst; I sing too like a Swan,
And dance like a Lunatick.

Rob. Those are Qualities so becoming, I ever
Took delight in 'em; pray Sir, display your Gifts
A little to my vein.

Ber. No, no, no: I have left 'em off ever since I
Grew fat; but here's my man *Pedro* shall
Shew you something of my teaching, to your
Admiration; nay, I am not a man of talk;
I have been as famous too at the Bull-sport,
I have overthrown six in a day! my armes
Were once as good as any mans; and I could
Have hoisted the Horns of a Bull, with as much
Ease as I have kill'd a wild Bore; Sirrah, you
Know this to be true.

Ped. Now must I lie for him to save a beating: [aside.
I know you, Sir, to be so valiant, you would
Not flie, though pursu'd by an Army: and so
Stately, you would not rise from your bed to salute a King.

Ber. Come, Sirrah, sing me the Song I last made;
Nay, since you will be entertain'd, I'll shew you
Qualities which *Sivel* never could come, come,
Begin; You know where; I set it in *Solefa*.

Ped. Sings ridiculously.

THE SONG.

Young I was, and yet not old:
 Neither am I grown so cold;
 But I can play, and I can twine
 About a Virgin like a Vine.
 In her Lap too I can lie
 Melting, and in Fancie die:
 And return to life, if she
 Claps my cheeks, or kisses me:
 So that by this you see't appears
 Our Loves will still outlast our Tears.

Rob. Why, this is excellent.

Ber. Nay, 'tis nothing to what I'll shew you:
 I'll shew you Agility. [Makes Pedro leap over his.
 Now shrink your self into a dwarf, now move
 In that Figure: make me half a dozen of
 Those faces that I last painted, [Pedro dances.
 Very well: now dance me an Antick.

Rob. This has some pleasure in't.

Ber. Hang him, the Rogue is lazy: I have a dog at
 Home exceeds him in all but singing: I have
 A great Judgment in painting too: could I but
 Animate the Bodies that I form, my skill would
 Outdo nature, I can with a touch of my Pencil
 Shape a most full face, paint Thunder and Lightning,
 So as to make the beholder tremble; Day-break,
 The rising Sun, the Meridian, Raize and Duskey
 Evening, Clouds and Meteors, Man, Beasts, Plants,
 Herbs, Flowers and Fruit, Fire and Water, Heaven
 And Earth, Peace and War—How now, what do you
 Sleep again: what a damn'd fop have I for a father in law.

Rob. Silence assist me, what a Monument of vanity is this!

Ped. Take courage, Sir, your eares are like to have a surfeit.

Ber. Now for good Husbandry, therein I yield to no man.
 I have a just understanding in all things:
 I laugh at them that laugh at me, as for my
 Person 'tis not to be dislik'd: what say you old man?
 Is it not a goodly building? is not my foot
 Well turn'd, and my legs well set on? Have

I not a Majestick deport, and Warlike look
As much, or more then yours.

Rob. Patience defend me, here are words enough to
Make a mans Memory ake: I thought, Sir,
You had some secrets to tell me; all these are
Nothing but windy praises cast upon your self.

Ber. Why you Cods-head, were they not secrets till
I told 'em you: Of your impertinence? this
Foolish fellow interrupts me so, I have
Forgot where I left off—did not I tell you,
You would be talking to me, before I had done---
My estate is six thousand fourty two Duckets a year.

Rob. You told me that yesterday--pray be short, I
Love not meat twice drest.

Ber. Well, well, 'tis no matter, for that your Age weakens
Your Memory: but as I was a saying, having
This estate, I am resolv'd to marry, and leave a
Race of Bertran's to the world, all such as
Shall propagate my Name and Family; You have
A daughter whom I intended for my Spouse; 'tis
True, she is handsom, and 'tis time you should dispose
Of her, for you are old: and death may snatch you hence.

Rob. Are you in your Wits, Sir?

Ped. As much as ever he was.

Ber. Interruption, be attentive in the
Divel's name, and hear me out: I have
Heard you long enough already; but your old
VVhimseycal pate is so full of vapours; you
Know not what you say or do.

[aside.]

[to Rob.]

Rob. I tell you, Sir---
Ber. You shall tell me nothing, Sir: Death, can you
Tell me any thing I do not know already:
You will be still reasoning, and know nothing--
I tell you that this last night I heard a man in
Your Daughters Chamber, and I had taken him there,
But that they put stools in my way to prevent
It, did you know this?

Rob. How, Sir?

Ber. As you are an old man, and suddenly expect your
Grave, is it fit to put me in such fears at Midnight?

Hear

Hear me : I had rather marry a woman without a Nose,
Then one that must be watch'd, to keep Her honest.

Rob. Will you be temperate, Sir, and hear me ?

Ber. Go, go, go: look for a fool elsewhere to
Humour you : I'le have none of her, she is not
For my use ; pay me but my Expences, I'le
Freely part with her ; let all Promises be null,
Good friends, and so farewell.

Rob. I have been told you wanted brains, and now you-
Have prov'd it to me : do you know who I am ?

Ber. Yes : you are an old fottish Buzzard.

Rob. Why, you Hog, you Swine, you borish Animal.

Ber. Nay, nay, nay : fume, fret, swear and dam : Give
Me a Releafe, and take your daughter.

Rob. No, Sir ; r'le make you know you have abus'd
My daughter, wrong'd my honour, injur'd my house,
And blemish'd my fame : and I'le have satisfaction
From the heart.

[draws his fword.]

Ber. Death, what a dam'd choleric old fellow is this ? [afide

Rob. Thou valiant, thou Hoghead of oyl and filthiness,
Come down if thou durst.

Ber. Ha, ha, ha, my dear Dad, how I honour thy courage;
[runs to him and embraces him]

Should I be angry now, what would become
Of thee ? but I have no power :
Come, give me thy hand ; nay, nay, nay, Glove
And all ; your Complement is but your own vexation.
Spare it ; a soft word draws the soul out of me.
Well, I do consent to espouse your Daughter :
Goe get you in, Set all things in Readiness,
My estate I'le Settle upon my children :

Rob. Well we are friends again then :
You'll follow.—

[Exit Rob.]

Ber. I, I,—the Divell fetch him, Now what shall I doe,
I have no more mind to marry then to die.

Prd. This is the rare piece of obedience, Sir, you
Boasted of : and swore you would defie the devil
To dishonest her ; I am sorry your Judgment led
You into such errors, for she is a woman, and
Those are a kind of locks, that every man,
Has a Key too.

Bre.

Ber. A Pox upon him, what wouldst thou have me do ?

Enter Sancho

San. Well Sir, what do you resolve to marry or return ?

Ber. No, no, no, I am in again : the Match
Is made to my sorrow : I have done what I
Could to break it, but that peevish old fellow,
Her father, would not consent to it.

San. Then, Sir, you are miserable.

Ber. Why how should I help it, I cannot get back
My Contract, that frothy old fool is every
Foot drawing his sword : what if I had kill'd him ?

San. Then he had been a dead man.

Ber. I had certainly done it, but that there's an
Antipathy between me and the blood of a VVoodcock :
Besides, my estate would have been confiscate.

Ped. I have known you threaten death, Sir, for a less
Matter : breaking but your windows.

San. To prevent danger, Sir, lay your affront upon
My sword.

Ber. VVhy, canst thou fight ?

San. Fight, look you, Sir, ha : Slap, [San. draws and offers

Ber. Stifl, thou art a divel at it: this Rogue has to run at
Courage I find : but for all this, would I were him.
VVell back again in Toledo : these spirits
In Sivel are damnable furious : if I fight them,
I must either leave the VVorld or my Countrey :
And I find my self very well in both.

Enter Alvarez and Julia.

Jul. Look you, Sir, you have no block to remove now
But him ; for as I told you, your Rival, *Cassidore*,
In my hearing confess'd, your Sister had engag'd
To marry him, if he could gain but your consent ;
And that thing there is easily scar'd out of her,
Such a valiant nothing, that he is ready to run
Away from himself ; like the Satyr that
Fled from the noise of a Horn which he himself made.

Alva. Enough, let me alone.

Ber. How now, who is that ?

San. I know not, Sir.

Ber. I do not like his looks, ask him what he would have :

San.

San. Sir, my Master desires to know....

Alva. Your Master's a Curr, and his men are whelps.

[He kicks San. and cuffs Pedro.]

Ber. Ha, what says he?

San. Sayes he; I know what he says, but you may reade His meaning here, Sir-- he has printed it with his Toes.

Ped. A Pox of his short hand.

Ber. What, beat my servants; I thank him for that I faith, would he had done so much to me.

Alva. Be gone, you slaves, and leave us to our selves.

Ber. Stir not, he that is upright need not covet privacie.

Alva. What walking Dunghil is this, made of the Dust swept from the house of Ignorance.

You, with your Sarazens face; what, are you the toy that Comes a wooing here; why thou Hee-goat, where Hast thou been hid i'th' world; thou hast not been The talk of Children.

Ber. Pedro, Sancho.

Both. I, I, Sir, we are here.

Alva. Do you hear, Mountain of Mummy, You want a wife, do you; I'll wive you, You shall see; come, Sir, since you wear a sword, You shall use one. Draw, nay, nay. Do it Or I will shake thee into dripping: you must Have a wife; why you shall have a wife: Come Win her, and wear her.

Ber. Why Gentleman, Sir, let me be hang'd if I le have Any: she is put upon me by her father, whether I will or no.

Alva. Will you resign her then?

Ber. With all my heart, upon condition---

Alva. VVhat?

Ber. You pay my expences hither; nay, 'tis not much, But I would not be laught at in my own Countrey, For losing my labour, and my money too.

Alva. Provided, you never more renew your claim, I'll do it willingly.

Ber. Nay, nay, Ale be gone this Afternoon: go, *Pedro*, Go you to the Inne, and get all things in readines,

Ped. I shall, Sir.

[Exit *Pedro*.]

Alva. Well, we are agreed then.

San. But Sir, what will her father say to this bargain ?
You promis'd him to marry her presently.

Ber. Let him say what he will, what a pax care I what
He says ; Am I bound to humour him ; I'll marry her
To whom I please, she is mine as long as he
Keeps my Contract.

Sanc. Well Sir, do your pleasure.

Alva. Come, let us in, and see what your Expences come to.

Ber. So now the Bargain's made, I'll homeward Hop,
And deal no more in love, but shut up shop. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Bertran and Sancho.

BEr. Come, come, Sirrah, knock at the door.

Sanc. Its open, Sir,

Ber. That's all one, knock when I bid you.

San: Why, Sir, you may go in without knocking,
The Door invites you.

Ber. Sirrah, sirrah, learn more manners, do
As I bid you : Knock, or I'll knock a peal
Upon your pate ; I will not come under her
Roof, her dealings have been base ; knock louder,
Louder yet, I'll starve and rot first :
The open Air is every mans.

Enter Julia.

Ful. Who is it knocks : O Signior, is it you ?
Will you be pleased to walk in, Sir ?

Ber. No, no, I am none of your walk-in, Sirs : I am in
Too far already, I would I had my Contract :
This Rogue (I have married her to) will not
Pay me my Expences, till he has my Contract ;
Up : go, go, bid your wise Master come out to me.

Ful. But, Sir---

Ber. But me no Butts, hold your prating
Houswife, do you stand there to ask men
Questions ? tell your Master I am here.

[Exit.
Ful.

Zul. Well Sir : I shall acquaint him,

Ber. I go in ? Ile first go into a Pest-house; by this Light, I had rather have twenty wives then have Such a father in Law.

San. Marry Sir : would we were well at home again; The Town they call *Sivil*, but the usage is not so ; I have scarce had a belly full since I came, Their Kid and Garlick, Zant Oyle and Sallad : with half a Hen amongst six of us. I have an English stomach, and could digest A Chine of Beef; I love my belly best of any Thing, 'tis neerer to me then my Kindred.-- Hang this wooing, and all that profess it.

Ber. In quotha ? Catch me in their h^ouse again

Enter Robatz.

Rob. Why, Signiour Bartran, I hope I have given you no Cause to leave my house in Anger.

Ber. O good Signiour Antiquity ! I know you well enough For a fair tongu'd man, but I care not for Your Apologie, as little for your love, I can Live without both : Eat my own, and sleep Without dependencies.

Rob. Now you talk gently, Sir.

Ber. No matter what I talk, I am not so gentle Neither, nor will not be ; this sha'nt cog me Into a Marriage : But if I marry her, may The devil carry me away upon my Wedding day.

Rob. Will you hear reason ?

Ber. No, Ile hear no reason : reason ! I am not To be popp'd off with reason : your Daughter I Have dispos'd of, Give me my Contract, and There's an end.

Rob. Why, Signiour, in all things there must be method, You choak the child of honour, the discretion.

Ber. Well, well, I know what I do without your Direction : I am not to be tutor'd by such an Old fool as you : my cause is no mans but My own ; Give me my Contract, or by Heaven, Ile fire your house, and that's my Way of honour.

Rob. Perfectly Lunatick.

Ber. As for your daughter, I have no more to say to her,
I have recall'd the Vows I made to her ; and
I am no longer oblig'd.

Rob. Pray lets argue something temperately like men.

Ber. Like men ?

Rob. You are too sudden.

Ber. Like men, Sir !

Rob. I Sir, like men, 'tis fair language.

Ber. Why, dost hear old fellow, what strange beast
Would your grave reverence make me appear ?
Like men ! I tell thee, fellow, I am as much a man,
And as good a man.

Rob. All this is granted, Sir.

Ber. And as wife a man.

Rob. True, Sir.

Ber. As any man. And a man dares make thee no
Man, or at least a base man and an old man.

Rob. Ha,ha,ha.

Ber. What, do you laugh, you Vulture ?

Rob. Why, thou Antique fool, thou Morrice-dancer :
Since thou hast again provok'd me, thou
Shalt have no contract ; come, say thy
Prayers, thou art dead.

Ber. I scorn thee, and scorn to say my prayers
More then thou dost.

San. Nay, good Sir, bear a little with his follies [to Rob.]
Tis rather a disease then temper in him.

Ber. Take heed, urge me no more ; if I draw once
I shall kill thee : and (like a rotten Pumpeon)
Leave thy old Carcass stinking to Posterity.

Rob. VVhy thou ridiculous Varlet, how durst thou
Talk of killing, or drawing any thing bur
Thy breath, which stinks more then a putrified
Marrow-bone.

Ber. *Sancho*, come hither : he is too old to fight with ;
Prithee, take me in thy Armes, and throw me
At that Puppy.

Rob. Get thee out of my house thou over-grown
Als, Dunghil, Quagmire, (or what is worse)

[laughs.]

[draws]

All

All filths moulded up in one detested Lump ;
 If I have stood a patient Anvil to all thy
 Lunatick fits, 'twas in compassion to thy Age
 And weakness. But now I can no longer bear
 It. Begone (I say) or I'll send an Officer to
 VVhip thee out of Town.

[Exit Rob.]

Ber. VVhip me out of Town ! O fire and brimstone !
 Whip me out of Town ! I'll shew him a trick for that.
 Go, Sirrah, run to the Lane, and get my Mule
 Sadled presently.

San. With all my heart, Sir, and glad of the Office ;
 Farewel Sivil ; I'll leave your Kid and Garlick
 To the devil.

Ber. Whip me out of Town ! O that he were but
 Young enough for my revenge, that I might
 Kill him, and be justified in honour.

Enter Alleria and Julia.

Ful. Sir, my Lady hears you are going away, and
 She is come to take her leave.

Ber. Nay, nay, I have no more to say to her, she is
 Too frail a wife for me ; she is awake at midnight,
 When other women sleep.

Alle. Go, go, you are a petulant froward Ass, a baby of 70.

Ful. An old doting iniquity of Age :
 You make a bedfellow, a broom-stick would
 Make a better.

Ber. How ! the scoff of Petticoats !

Alle. A child at mans estate : Puff-paste, Flesh-fie.

Ber. Dare you provoke me thus ?

Ful. A wife ! the fool must have a rattle.

Alle. You nauseous wretch.

Ful. You Sea-Calf.

Alle. You Land-whale.

Ful. You heap of Atoms kneaded into fl.sh.

Ber. Patience, here's a bed of Snakes within me.

Ful. Durst thou venture on a Lady in the Summer
 And hunting season of her youth ? Threescore
 And six, to have and to hold a Maiden-head
 Of eighteen : look, look, how he grumbles
 Behind his board.

[He is mumbling
 Alle.

Alle. The conteiupt of women, and the shame of men.

Ful. Go, go, march (*Memento mori*)

She'll deal no more in old flesh,

Ha, ha,ha.

Both. Ha,ha,ha. [both laugh ; he runs at Jul with his sword,

Ber. By Heaven, Huswife, Ile spoil your laughing. [Exit Ber.

Enter Sophia and Attendance, and Addibar meeting her.

Add. Madam, my Master is ready to attend.

Sop. Heaven guide my tongue to express my sorrows
In that pensive nature, that it may fill his
Soul with a just loathing of *Alvaro* and his
Sister ; such heavy news as mine must gently
Sink into him by degrees,

Enter Flaminio,

Fla. Most dear Madam, thus low I beg the Honour of your blessing.

[kneels]

So. The thoughts of what I have to say, gives an increase to all the terrors of my heart.

Fla. Heavens ! what unusual grief is this ;
I was not us'd to kneel thus long in vain:

So. I fear to give thee thy desires, lest I should cast away my blessing.

Fla. How have I deserv'd this separation from your love?

So. Rise, and I'le unfold the secret to thee.

[riseth.]

Fla. Pray Madam, speak, for this attentive ear,
Cannot hear worse, then 'tis prepar'd to hear.

So. I am rob'd of all that vital heat that fed my life with joy.

Fla. You come with Cripplles pace to that which You should flie to,

So. Take it at once then, thy Sister, thy poor Sister *Semena*, is ravish'd from me.

Fla. Ravish'd ! may the unwearied Sun For ever shroud, that horrid day within Some fatal cloud,

And may that night eternally be blind, Left in it self, nor to the day rejoyn'd.

Tell me the man that did that horrid deed, And were he fenc'd with fire, he should

Not

Not 'scape vengeance.

So. O may each Sun-shine, a new blessing on
Thee ; I'le twine thee to me in these armes,
As Ivy locks the Elm in her Embraces ;
Now take all the blessing
I can give thee.

Fla. I am impatient till I hear his name,
My sword had never nobler thirst of blood.

So. *Alvaro* was the man.

Fla. *Alvaro* ! O lend me temper, Heaven.

So. I'le tell thee all, since thy resentments are
So great ; I was a long time solicited
By friends to give her him to wife, and
With purpose to put a Period to all the
Variances that had long reigned in
Both our Families. He counted her (as
I thought,) with noble passion : but when
The day was set, and all things ready to
Consummate the Marriage, he most
Ignobly left her, and took his flight for
Spain ; and hath in *Sivil* there, as I am
Inform'd, resided ever since. Your Sister
Full of grief, remained some days
Behind him, but soon after was not to
Be heard of.

Fla. You have Comet-struck my amaz'd soul.

So. Reade ; but this Letter 'twill confirm all truth.

[Gives him a Letter.]

Fla. Dear Mother,

[reads]

This Paper will advertise you of an
Unhappiness insupportable, the most disloyal
Of all Mankind, (that Infidel) *Alvaro*, is
Author of more misery to me then I can
Utter. He only bath drawn me from the
Blessing of your Presence, which I despair ever
To enjoy again, and therefore must of
Force remain.

Your most unfortunate Daughter,
SEMEONA.

Fla.

Flam. VVhat killing Accents hath my ears
Received, sinking the soul with the report.

So. A truth so dismal is almost incredible.

Fla. Alvaro ravish'd her.

So. Though this was a Misfortune Charity
Could not pardon ; yet I supported with a
Matchless patience, and publickly diffus'd
The Rumour of her death, the better to
Disguise our infamy.

Fla. None can tell how much my heart shares
In your sorrows, Madam, by the sad ashes
Of my Fathers grave; this is a Crime deserves
The vengeance of the Heavens.

So. Your threatenings are but as feathers flying
In the Air, 'tis now a time to punish,
Not complain ; in such dire Acts as these
We best express our troubles by our revenge :
Complaints are Womens Oratory : but
Valour is the Rhetorick of man: since
The injury is deadly, the reparation ought
To b: the same: Now thou knowest the Offendor
Flie to thy revenge; had Nature enabled
Me for such an Action, thou hadst not
Known the crime : I conjure thee therefore
On my blessing, see me no more till thou
Hast drown'd this shame in blood. [Exit.]

Fla. Alas, what counsel shall I take, whose
Life I seek, to him for mine I owe : he sav'd
The brother, but the sister hath destroy'd.
Can Heaven suffer me to spill his blood,
Who was the deare preserver once of mine :
Blood too that I have some share in, for
My *Jacinta* runs in half his veins.

Enter Jacinta and Livia
Yonder she comes, honour would have me
Fly her, but there's another power more
Uncontroulable, subdues that thought and
Binds me to her worship; O why did not the malice
Of my fate, Conferr this guilt
On one that I could hate ?

Fla. Dost thou observe (*Livia*) how unwilling
He is to see mee? Let us pass by him.
Without a word. [She puts down her veyl.]

Fla. Fairest of Creatures, Creations purity,
Thou Charm of all my Senses.

Jac. Your Adorations, Sir, are misapplied.

Fla. 'Tis not from custom, Madam, but from
Sympathy my heart thus bowes to you;
I know my devotions to be more just
Then to be led by error.

Jac. Look you, Sir, what think you now?
Am I so like *Alleria*, you cannot
Know the one from t'other?

Fla. *Alleria*, Madam: I had err'd indeed, had
I suspected that.

Jac. Nay, never counterfeit, I am sure you
Took me for her.

Liv. Take heed, Signior, your dissimulation doth
Not prejudice you, my Lady is going to
Her, and she'll tell her all.

Fla. Now I am instructed whence this change comes;
Perhaps, Madam, you conjecture my intimacy
With her father, was in order to prefer some
Amorous design to her; but I swear to you,
Your Image only fills my heart, whatever
In her was lovely I have often view'd,
Without the least surprize.

Jac. How far will his hypocrisy extend?

[Aside.]

Fla. Could you think, Madam, after I beheld you.
I could have a thought of zeal to any other.

Jac. O monstrous, thou art as false as sin unto the soul.
Thy face as full of Lies as Gipsies.

Fla. You confound me with your imputations: I am as
Innocent in this, as the unstain'd soul of truth.

Jac. Is it to be innocent to counterfeit a passion to me,
And then abandon me to the reproaches of all tongues;
Nay more, to fawn, cringe and doat upon another,
On purpose to afflict and persecute my timorous sincerity.

Fla. Who, Madam, has misguided your belief so much?
May all the curses rage and malice wish, fall on me,

If ever I had thoughts of swerving from my first Vow.

Jac. Good Heavens! can such an Imprecation pass without
A Judgment from the Over-hearer? what Plagues can
Be too great for him that is to marry one he
Does not love, and yet forswears it so.

Fla. I marry her, then may Misery in all its
Loath'd formes cohabit with me.

Jac. O infidel! why every one is advertis'd of it.

Fla. Tell me but the Author of this abuse,
And I will write it on his heart in stabs. He lies.

Jac. You dare not do it.

Fla. By all that's sacred, and can make an Oath, I dare.

Jac. It was *Alleria*; now tell me if you have a foul,
Whether you dare preserve it?

Fla. O was it she: alas, Madam, do you vindicate
The truth of her reports, she did it with design
On purpose to abuse you.

Jac. Can guilt maintain such confidence?

Fla. Do but hear me, Madam: may I be
Thunder-struck: and in this place stand fixt, an
Eternal Prodigie of falseneses, if ever I had
For *Alleria* more then a fair Civility.

Jac. I will yet try him further, will you prove
The truth of this?

Fla. You shall have a thousand proofs to undeceive you.

Jac. I'll have but one; Give me your hand and faith.

Fla. I'll give it you with joy; Honour defend me, what

[Offers readily to pull off his Glove, then
checks himself.]

Was I about to do, give her the Hand that must
Her Brother slay.

Jac. I know my demands would startle you: your
Guilt, by your Reluctance, I perceive.

Fla. So great an honour, Madam, must needs surprize
A heart that did so little expect it; your cruelty

Before fill'd me with despair: and this excessive
Favour astonish'd my unwary hopes; besides, I

Fear'd if I obey'd you, 'twould be a blemish to your
Honour; and that your Brother might be incens'd against
Me, if I accepted of your heart, without his Gift;

But though these thoughts were worthy of debate,
My resolution has o'recom 'em all: Now nothing shall
Disappoint me of the glory of your favour. [offers his hand.]

Jac. No Sir, now you accept too late, the desires I had
Are vanish'd, never to be recall'd.

Fla. I beseech you, Madam.

Jac: My doubts are now confirm'd; when I requir'd
Your faith, the thoughts you had for her withheld
You from the Gift; and your disordered looks
Assur'd me, she was Possessor of the demands
I made.

Fla. Madam, upon my Knees I tender it to you now.

Jac. It is not in your power to dispose.

Fla. Why have you taught your ears a scornful deafness?
Is it to make my misery longer liv'd?

Jac. In vain are all your importunities,
When sense of wrongs our resolutions blind,
No supplication should reverse the mind. [Exit Jac. and Liv.

Fla. Now is my soul expos'd to newer toiles, must
I suffer with submissive patience, the pains due
To a crime I never did, and when Justice calls me
To revenge, must I at the same time be unfortunate
In my love; but here's my enemy, whom yet
I have not power to hate.

Enter Alvarez and Lys.

Alva. Sure he has trod on burning coals, he has made
Such haste from me.

Lys. No matter, Sir, I hear her wound is drest,
She is well again, it was more fright then harm.

Fla. Speak heart, shall I embrace him, or
Shall I pierce his heart.

Alva. O there's my Rival, Lysander, leave us to our selves;
Give me, ye gods, a wrath natur'd like lightning;
A new invented spleen to talk unto this Monster.

Lys. Though he has deserv'd my utmost hatred, I love
Him not so ill, to leave him in a danger; I fear
They'll fight, and therefore will not be far distant. [retires aside]

Fla. That Justice that holds up my sword faces it
And turns his Advocate, what unjust grief is this
Afflicts my worthy friend?

[Alva, Julian.

Alva.

Alva. Canst thou be my Tormentor, and ask me such
A Question?

Fla. What's this, who is't has discompos'd thee so?

Alva. One whose injuries I must punish with his death.

Fla. Prithee make me worthy of the glory to assist
Thee in it.

Alva. I cannot perfect my revenge without you.

Fla. Alvarez, of all my blood you may dispose.

Alva. It is an offer that I cannot refuse.

Fla. What man hath Fate mark'd out to be so wicked,
To be thy Offender?

Alva. Thou art audacious to an extream, dost thou
Not know it is thy self?

Fla. Make it appear that I have wrong'd thee
(So much as in a thought) at this instant,
VVill I bring the Victime to the Altar.

Alva. Dam your hypocrisy, draw. [Draws.

Fla. Ah friend, what do I owe thee for this indignation?
VVere the obligations thou hast so often cast
Upon me, capable of Addition, they were increas'd
In this Invective; thou hast opened
That precipice to thy own ruine, which all the
VVorld besides could not have done, my heart
Excited with the sense of its own wrongs, justly
Design'd thy death; but when my Arm was
Bent upon the Act, thy fight (alone) made
It a sin to wish it.

Alva. Thou strangest whilst thou flattrest.
I'll hear no more, defend thy self.

Fla. Thy resolution is to me most pleasing, I have
Greater cause to fight thee, then thou canst
Imagine: yet tell me what animates thy fury,
That I may shew thee thy deceit, and justifie
My self in killing thee.

Alva. O that Thunder and Lightning were in my power,
That I might strike thee dead.
Does not thy treacherous soul usurp the
Glory of my cares: hast thou not seduced
My Mys:iss from me, and tomorrow art
To marry her.

Fla.

Fla. If I am criminal, that's not
My offence; *Alleria* was ever far from
The reach of my hopes; no, no, thou canst
Only reproach me, that without acquainting thee,
I have made love unto thy Sister.

Alva. My Sister, may I believe this?

Fla. Is there faith in virtue?

Alva. How has my mistrust misguided me: [runs to em.
These are the Arms I draw against thee now, brace Flamin.
My Sister never could have aspired to such a
Fortune, a man so truly noble.

Fla. Hold Sir, though you are satisfied, I am not,
There let that Paper tell thee, the basest Act [Throws him his
That ever yet defil'd Humanity. *Sisters Letter to*
his Mother.

Lys. Are they not both in error? *his Mother.*
Add. This is a pretty odd kind of interview, I never
Knew 'em greet one another after this manner
Before.

Alva. By my life, friend, I comprehend nothing.

Fla. Thou art but the picture of a friend: have
I wrapt and woven thee into all Trusts and Counsels,
To be pernicious to my honour.

Alva. Canst thou suspect me guilty of so black a deed,
By all that's good, thy Sister
Is a chaste (for ought I know) as the unsulli'd
Lilly: do but hear me.

[*Fla.* No: deaf as a remorseless sea, my wrongs have made me
Alva. Was thy life sav'd to this end?

Fla. I owe thee nothing, since thou didst it to
Upbraid me with it.

Alva. Him that love wounds, no other wounds can fear. [They fight

Add. More mischief, help, help, help. [Exit.

Lys. O that some striking Air had blasted me,
Before I saw this moment: Hold, hold, Sir, hold; [*Lys.* runs
For Heavens sake, hold. *in between them.*

Alva. Away, Boy.

Lys. I must not, I dare not.

Fla. Sirrah, forbear.

Lys. May that sword that strikes at each of you

Fall from the Hilt, and want a power to hurt you;

*Enter Addibar again, bringing Robatzy, Alleria, Sophia,
Jaccinta, Julia, Livia and Cassidore, with Attendants.*

Cass. Where are they?

Add. Here, Sir, here.

Cass. Hold, good Gentlemen, hold!

Jac. Kill him.

Allie. Save him.

Sop. No, no, my son, bravely pursue thy revenge;
Base man thou art to practise thy deceit
Upon an innocent Child, the Jewel of my heart,
The Hope and Comfort of my years.

Rob. Come, come, Madam: this is no time for Exclamation.
The contention is too high to be appeas'd with words.

Cass. They shall not fight.

Rob. But they shall, Sir, come draw, old as I am
I'll find employment for your sword.

Lys. O stay your bloody wills: behold not what I seem,
But what I am: the unhappy cause of this
Unlucky discord.

Rob. What phrenzy is this?

Sop. Who art thou?

Lys. Semena, Madam: your most unfortunate Daughter
[falls on her Knees.]

Om. Semena?

Sop. O let me embrace thee, thou art she indeed:
I know thee, by the Musick of thy tongue:
My Joys have now o'recome my fears.

Alys. I am struck dumb with the surprize, Semena?

Lys. The very same Semena that heard you
Vow, and did believe you: that fool that
Did not think you could have flattered.

Alv. Madam, I confess, that in the face of Heaven we
Exchang'd hearts, gave faith for faith; but he is near
A god that is lord over his eye, when my wandring looks
Glanc'd upon other Beauties; yours, Madam, like a
Cloud chas'd by the wind, fled from my Memory.

Sop. O speak, my child, my ears are greedy
To receive thy stories:

Lys. VVhen the fair Gem of my love was by

Your

Your persuasion, Madam, given to that disloyal
 Man, scarce had one Moon run out her time,
 But he, perfidious as he was, left me the scorn of women :
 Notwithstanding this,
 My afflicted heart yearn'd after him, and my
 Hopes perswaded me, that thus disguis'd, I
 Possibly might find him in some part of
 Spain, whither reporr inform'd me he was
 Fled : At length I had Advice that he was
 Here in Sivil, and turn'd a Proselite to anothers
 Love ; upon which (with strict Enquiry having found
 Him,) I gain'd an interest to get into his service,
 And gladly executed all Commands of his, even
 Such as were destructive to my own peace and quiet.

Sop. O let me drop upon thy cheeks these tears
 Of joy.

Fla. Dear Sister, thou art more welcom to these eyes,
 Then was the firſt light to the disordered *Chaos*.

Alva. Here, as your Despiser, Madam, strike [offers his sword
 My heart afunder, but save the new born
 Love within it : be just unto ybur ſelf, and kill me.

Lys. Kill you, not for the world.

- *Alva.* The world will Saint you for doing her ſuch
 Service, and all chaste Maids that meet
 VVith miseries modell'd out by yours, would build
 You Altars, and yearly on the day you did
 This deed, would make them flame
 With thankful Sacrifices : Kill me, for I am ſo
 Inconstant, 'tis dangerous to the world they
 Should have my example.

Lys. Contrition, Sir, has carried you into a noble Figure.
 All the reſentments of my wrongs, your Penitence
 Has overcome.

Alva. I bluſh I have but one ſoul to offer you.
 This Act of Pardon, Madam, is a bounty as matchleſſ
 As your vertue : Now if your honoured Parent would think
 Me worthy of her Indempnity, nothing shall prevent
 Our union.

Sop. I do not want the pity you deny'd to her ;
 But I am ready to forget what's paſt, and meet your wiſhes
 .With all willingneſſ.

Alva.

Alva. Hereafter we will be like streams which flow [giver
In curle together, and no difference know. *her Alva*

Fla. Now friend (for so I must again call thee)
My Fate hangs on thy lips, in thy happiness,
Thy Sister depends only on thy disposure.

Alva. Nothing can be too worthy of thee.

Fla. Now are my Joys compleat.

Fac. All my suspitions are now extinguish'd, and
Give me leave to tell you, (yet not without a
Blush) that in this I as well obey my own desires.
As my brothers, though *Cassidore* will complain on't.

Cass. You are mistaken, Madam : to shew, that I
Repine not at your fortune, I am converted to
This Lady ; there's but one billow more to fill
This Tyde : Madam, your fathers breath may
Do it.

[to Aller.]

Rob. Sir, in my daughters Choice my satisfaction bounds.

Allc. You have so many ways oblig'd me,
I can deny you nothing, where I owe my life,
I well may owe my love.

Rob. Here Sir, take her, and with her take my blessing

[Gives her.]

Cass. Our two souls, like well-tun'd instruments
Shall now make up one Simphony :
So those Notes that at the first seem discords,
Conclude in a most pleasing Harmony.

Alva. Madam, I hope to have your friendship,
Though I go without your love.

Allc. You shall now have both, Sir.

Cass. And mine too ; we now are friends, too
Strong for Fate to break.

Rob. Come then, let Musick be prepar'd,
And all the shews of joy that Mirth
Can make : since our Disasters are so well
Compos'd, we'll turn this day into a Jubilee.
They that thus wait the leisure of their Fate,
Advantage find to be unfortunate. [Excessiveness.]

F I N I S.

